

**Diamond Jubilee Issue**

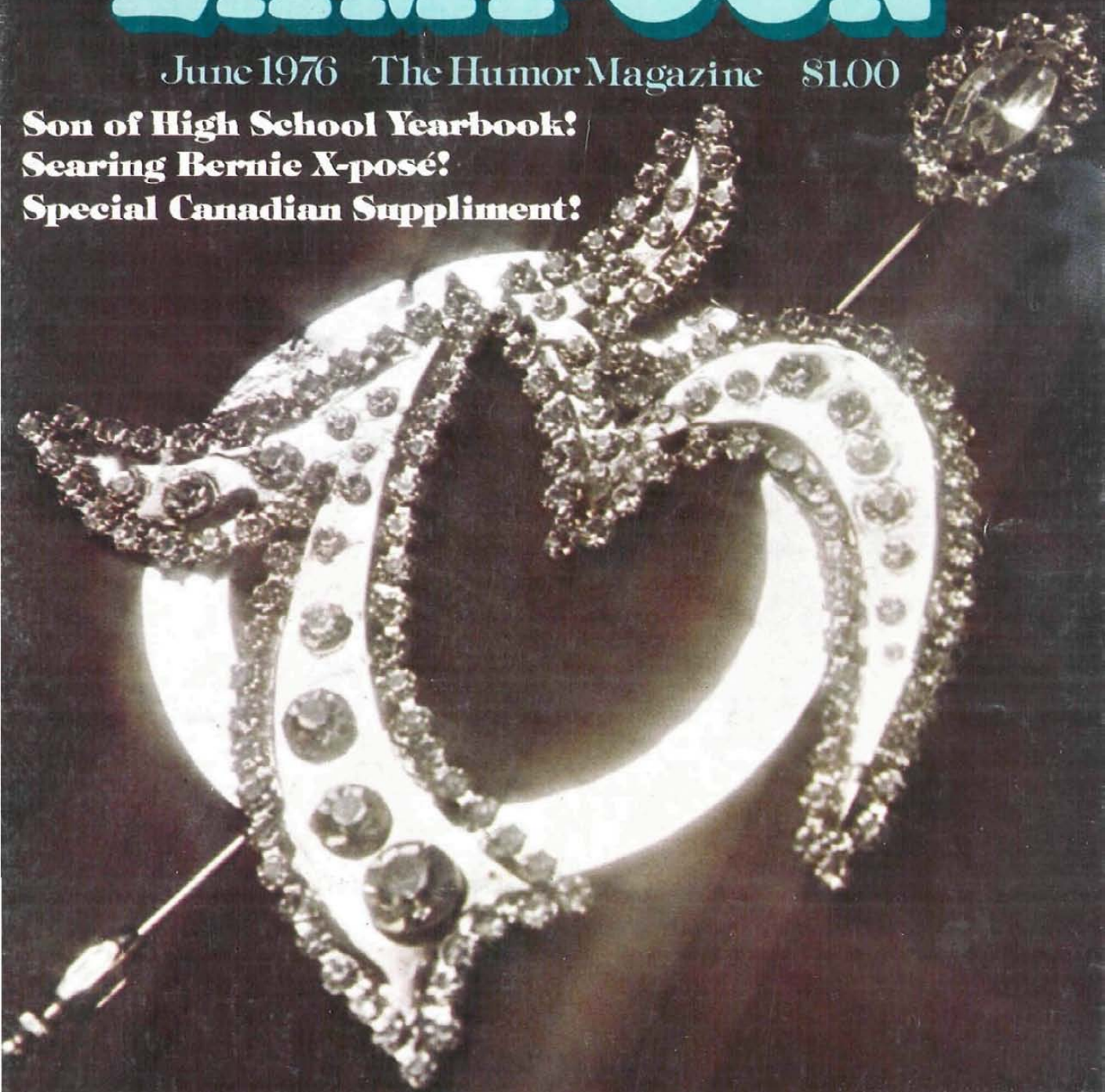
**NATIONAL**

**LAMPOON**

NO  
34490

June 1976 The Humor Magazine \$1.00

**Son of High School Yearbook!  
Searing Bernie X-posé!  
Special Canadian Suppliment!**



**Lots of Advertising!  
More of the Same!**



**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never  
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75



© LAMT CO.

**Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.**



# Pioneer has conquered the one big problem of high-priced turntables.

## The high price.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about \$100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

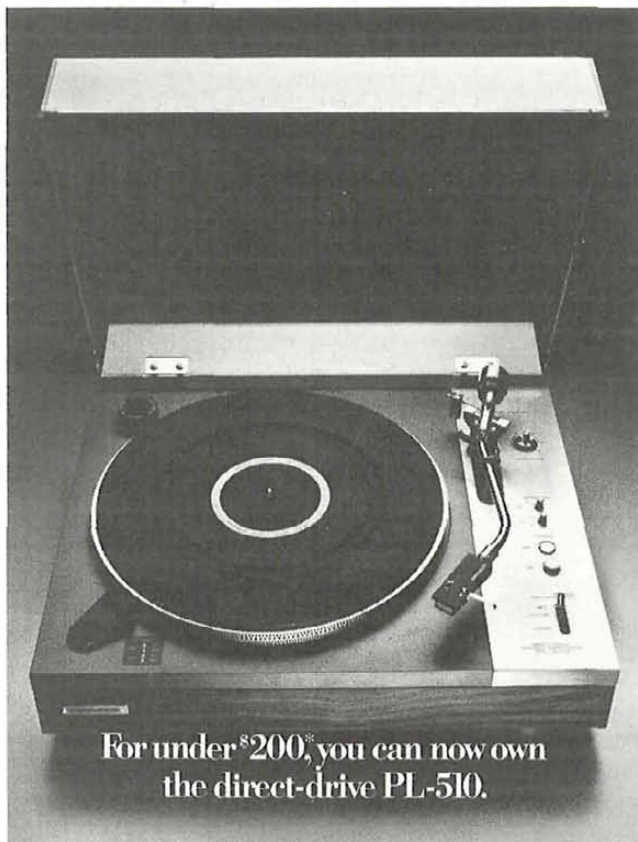
First, note the precision-machined look and feel of the PL-510.

The massive, die-cast, aluminum alloy platter gives an immediate impression of quality. The strobe marks on the rim tell you that you don't have to worry about perfect accuracy of speed at either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  or 45 RPM.

The S-shaped tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the super-stringent JIS standard. And that's why the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a



turntable should be.

Vibrations are damped out by the PL-510's double-floating suspension. The base floats on rubber insulators inside the four feet. And the turntable chassis floats on springs suspended from the top panel of the base. Stylus hopping and tone arm skittering become virtually impossible.

But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

The PL-117D for under \$175\*. The PL-115D for under \$125\*. And the amazing PL-112D for under \$100\*.

None of these has a rumble level above -50 dB (JIS). None of them has more wow and flutter than 0.07%.

So it seems that Pioneer has also conquered the one big problem of low-priced turntables.

The low performance.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

**PIONEER**  
Anyone can hear the difference.

\*For informational purposes only. The actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

© U.S. PIONEER ELECTRONICS CORP., 1976.

# A new high performance additive for your car

The all-new Jensen stereo speaker kits won't help your car go faster. Or run better. What they will do is maximize the performance of your radio or 8-track in a way you never thought possible.

## The next best thing to home speaker sound.

When our engineers designed these new Jensens, they incorporated all the things we know about making home speakers. That's why inside you'll find features like Flexair® woofer suspension and powerful Syntox-6® ceramic magnets. They combine to provide rich sound reproduction you won't find in any comparably priced car speaker.

## Another Jensen first—true coaxial car speakers in 4", 5¼" and 6" x 9" sizes.

Jensen is the only company that offers a true coaxial speaker in three compact sizes.

Sweeter™, our new space-saving solid state tweeter, is one of the reasons why. It allowed us to develop two revolutionary new models—the Jensen 4" and 5¼" coaxials. Together with our 6" x 9" model, they now make it possible for anyone to obtain home speaker sound quality in his car.

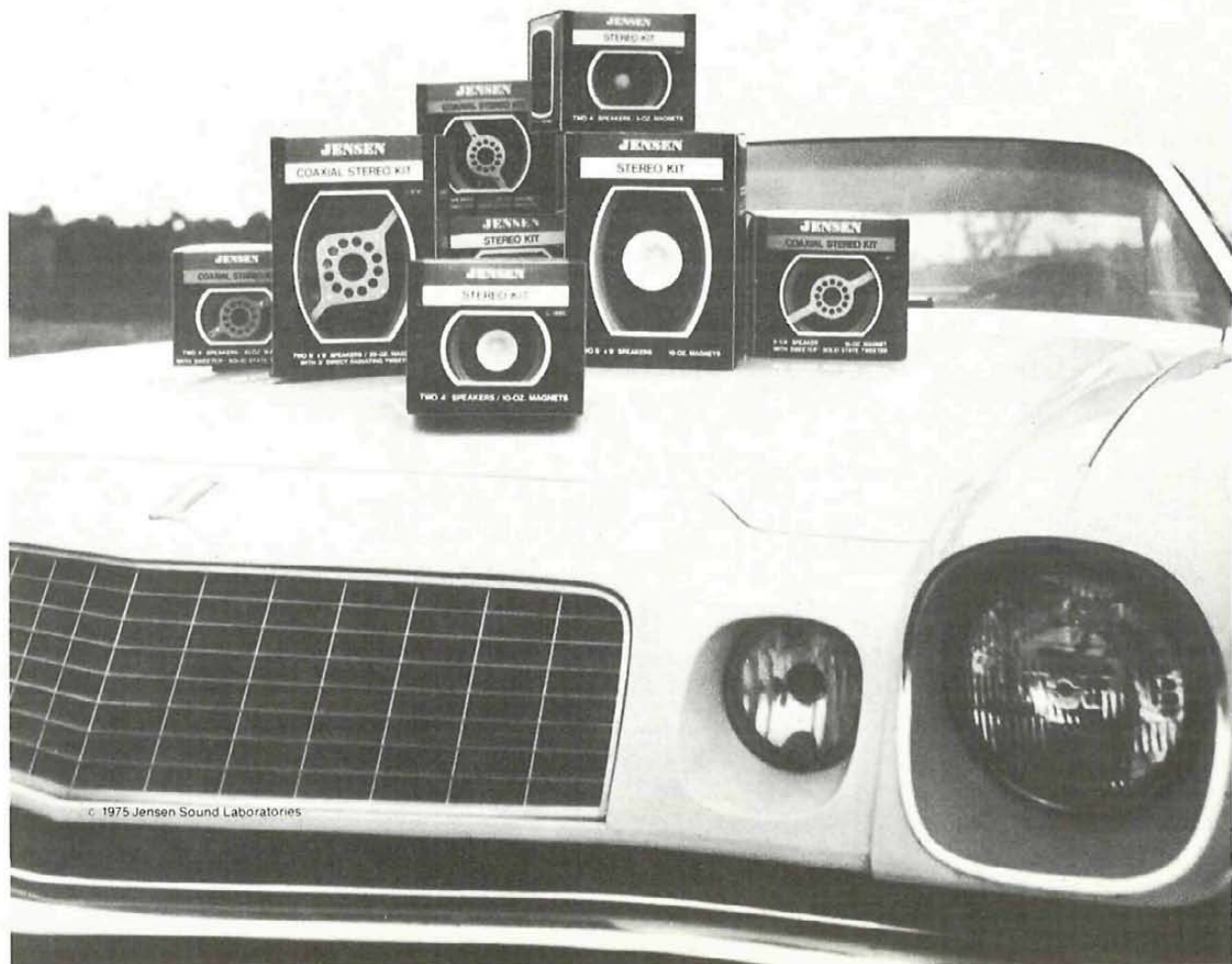
## Ask your local Jensen dealer for a demonstration.

You won't know what you're missing until you hear these new Jensen car speakers perform for you.

For a free catalog, write Jensen Sound Laboratories, 4310 Trans World Road, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.

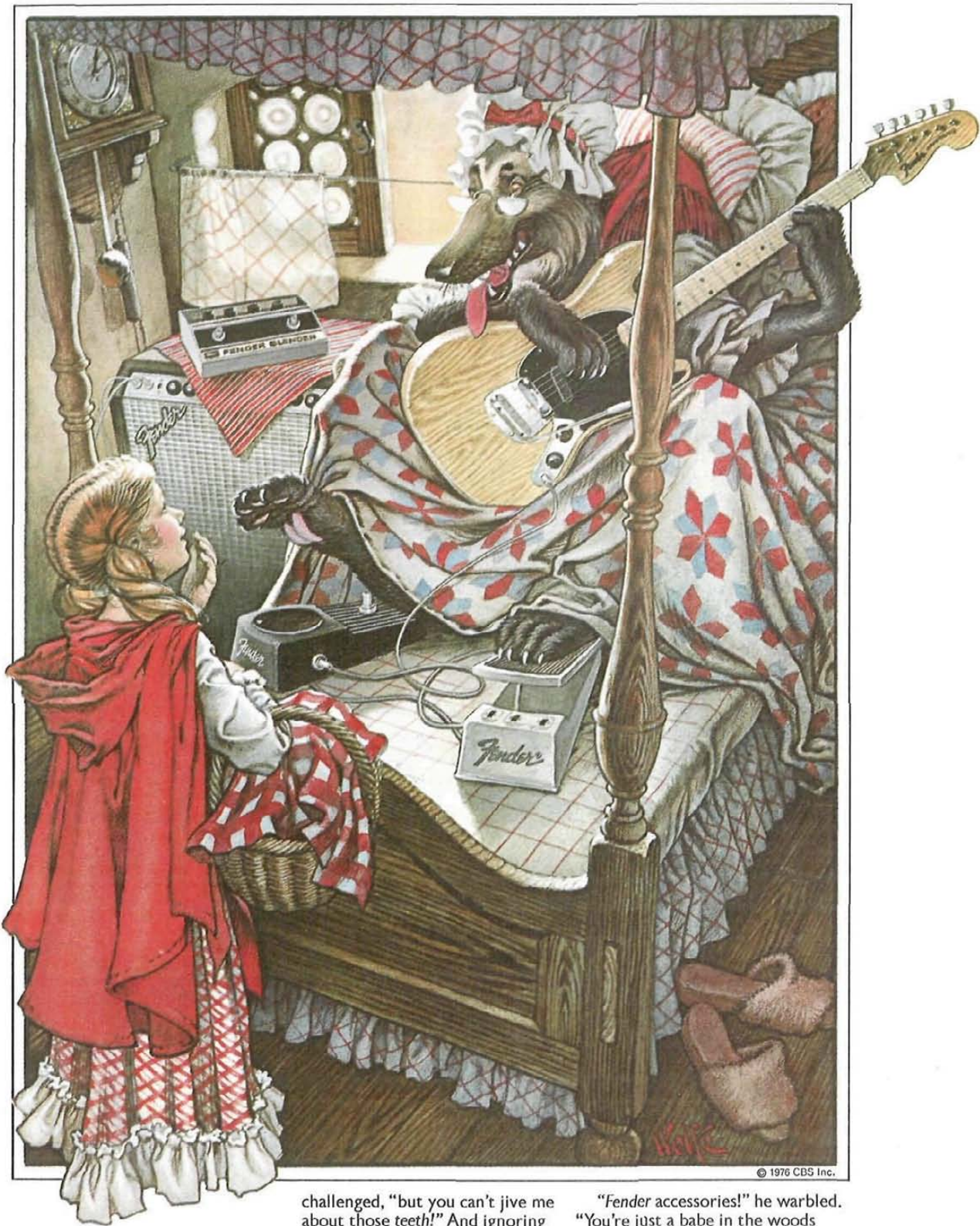
**JENSEN**  
**SOUND LABORATORIES**

Division of Permat, Inc. Schiller Park, Illinois 60176



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"Why Grandma, what big eyes you have!" cried Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to see you with," grinned the Wolf.

"And what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you when it's time to boogie," drooled the Wolf.

"Maybe so," Red Riding Hood

challenged, "but you can't give me about those teeth!" And ignoring the handsome Woodsman nearby, Red Riding Hood hooked up the Fuzz-Wah Pedal, Phaser and Fender Blender in her basket with her very own axe.

"Grandma says a person's outfit should always include the right accessories," she explained with a mighty chop. And iickety-split, the Wolf burst into song.

"Fender accessories!" he warbled. "You're just a babe in the woods without that extra edge."

"And of course," Red Riding Hood sang out...

"You really sharpen your axe with a Fender!"

**Fender**  
CBS Musical Instruments

For a full-color poster of this ad, send \$1 to Fender, Box 3410 Dept. 675, Fullerton, CA 92634



# EDITORIAL

At any time but the present, it would be a childishly simple task to compose an adequately praiseful note to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *National Lampoon*. But it is both our good fortune and private disappointment to be living in an age of cultural giants. To those who have breathed the scorching flame of introspection through the beauteous pain of Barry Manilow; to those who, in an hour of spiritual anguish and moral uncertainty, have inspired the sweet aroma of the Godhead wafting from the shoulders of Mel Lyman and L. Ron Hubbard; to those, in short, who are just lucky to be alive in the greatest goddamn country that ever was, our frail efforts to amuse must seem pitiful indeed.

But surely it is not a crime to try, to strive, to Dare to be Great. Is it? Any student of comedy will tell you that all the greats—from Danny Thomas right on down to our own George Carlin—have made it on one single quality...*volume*. And, after all, who are we to question our teachers?

So, as we celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of our favorite humor monthly that doesn't begin with *m* and

end with *d*, and the two hundredth birthday of Dame Liberty, let us remember, dear readers, that it is also fifteen hundred years to the day since the Roman Empire called it quits and eager patricians lined up in the Forum to have their skulls bashed in by Odoacer the Rugian. Will you look at that. Here I am trying to make one of my typically overeducated jokes and I clean forgot the really important anniversary that we are observing this year, an anniversary without which, I might point out, our wonderfully varied language would have to do without such well-loved terms as *scumbag*. You guessed it! Three hundred years ago today, Anton van Leeuwenhoek got a little overexcited with his new microscope and the result was the discovery of sperm! As Projects Copy Editor Susan Devins pointed out, where would any of us be today had not old Anton discovered the precious liquor so sought after by contemporary consenting adults?

Erhard delenda est,

P.K.

On March 2 of this year, one Willie Murphy, a cartoonist, died in San

Francisco of the dread "pneu." Whether you blame old Frisco for this or not, it seems a trifle unfair, since the Murph was only thirty-nine and had just come to *NatLamp* on a regular basis in the guise of a character named Arnold Peck the Human Wreck, whose bemused stumblings through the underbrush of culture appear for the last time in this issue.

Before this, W.M. had, with the collaboration of Ted Richards and a small nebula of luminaries from the soi-disant underground, created a highly successful parody of Zap Comix in *NatLamp's* superbly produced *Large Book of Comical Funnies*, ending a virtual cold war between East and West and opening the way for other equally successful appearances of S.F. greats in our pages.

O.K., you're saying, get on with it, where's the horrific, tasteless, unnecessary, wounding, ruinous joke?

There isn't one. We didn't know Willie long, but we knew him long enough to wish it had been longer. He was a fine lad with a good fist on him, and we're sad the Human Wreck had to total out so soon. T.H.

*continued on page 14*

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The Brut 33 Olympic Games Contest, with 1,333 great prizes, is going on now. Look for your entry card wherever Brut 33 Deodorant and other Brut 33 products are sold.

Joe Namath,  
Brut 33 Olympic  
Games Spokesman.



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All you have to do to enter is pick up an entry card where Brut 33 products are sold. Or write to Brut 33 Olympic Games Contest, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, for a free entry card.

Then predict the number of medals you think the U.S. Olympic Team will win in the 1976 Summer Olympic Games at Montreal.

If you're the closest, you'll be the Brut 33 Olympic Games Guessing Champion — and you'll win \$33,000. In the event of a tie, rules on the entry card will apply.

**Altogether, there are 1,333 prizes, including a second prize of \$3,300 and ten third prizes of \$330.** Complete rules are on the back of every card. No Purchase Necessary. Void where prohibited by law.

## SPECIAL BONUS OFFER!

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3 NOVUS ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR



4 SOLID-STATE HEADPHONE RADIO



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 Please charge  Master Charge  BankAmericard

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Quan.	#	Item	Comparable Retail Value	YOU PAY	Postage & Handling	Total
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	2	Tote Bag*	\$36.00	\$16.95	\$2.00	
	3	Calculator	\$12.95	\$ 7.95	\$1.00	
		AC Adaptor (Optional)		\$ 3.00		
	4	Headphones	\$14.95	\$ 7.95	\$1.00	
	5	Beach Towel	\$12.95	\$ 5.95	\$1.00	
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 (For additional names attach printed list)

Total

ALLOW 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY  
 OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1976

Clip out and complete this coupon to order premiums. Send check or money order in correct amount. Do not mail cash.





Ted:

Oh God, it's time for the letters column again and the liquor stores are closed. Must be a bank holiday or after midnight or something.

Let me see if I can lay down some broad outlines here, some general strategy, an overall game plan, and then you can run with the detail stuff like writing the letters. Right? I've got this heavy date and have to get downtown. Now, let's see, lay off Wenner and Chevy Chase or people'll start to think they're important or something. And remember what the ad guys told us — no quadrasonic jokes or making fun of Jap cars this issue. And they want less "fucks" and "cunts" and "bumholes" and "sucking off dogs," too, so let's not give them any flack on that angle. Remember, we're a team here, Ted.

First, I want to get that little pansy that produces the "Saturday Night" show and get him good. What's his name, Michaels. Lorraine or something. I don't care if nobody does know who he is. Son of a bitch stole one of my jokes the week before last and I'll tear his lungs out if he ever sets foot in Elaine's again. And let's nail Diane von Furstenberg. She's big. Cover of *Time*. Give her some weirdass name... Diane von Firstinbed, maybe. No! *Diane von Worstinbed*, that's it. Who else?... The Eagles? Jerry Brown? I'm sure you'll think of something.

P.J.

The Big Nice Office down the Hall

Dear Tony:

Consider yourself divorced. There isn't room enough for two queens in this country.

Princess Meg

Royal Dog House  
Westminster, England

Sirs:

I fucked a Mellon.

Mr. Mellon

The Mellon Ranch

Sirs:

I hating the language of your people, you are a dirte race of magazine. I have

decide that should any tourist be so fool headed as to speak words: fart wagon house, bum hole weather, or other, I will have his language seized by customs at Delhi hairport.

Mrs. Gandhi-Dancer  
Cookandecat, India

Sirs:

Here's another riddle for you. How do you make pickle bread? No, not at all. No, really, your answer is incorrect. Listen, I know. You make it with dill dough. Not bad for a girl, eh?

Pookie Peters

Girl Satirist

East Side, West Side,

All around

the Town, N.Y.

Hi:

Let's pick it up in the middle, O.K.? I've been alive forever, and I wrote the very first joke.

I wrote a lead and a punch line so strange,

I'm the one who makes the whole world laugh

I am humor and I write the jokes

I write the boffs that make the bankers cry

I am humor and I write the jokes.

Take this one for instance, please.

Send check to:

Mike O'Donoghue

NBC

Ground Zero

Rockefeller Center

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I didn't know she was loaded.

Spider Sonofabitch

Mt. Morgue, Colorado

Sirs:

I didn't know he *wasn't*. Christ, when I moved in with him I thought he was rolling in it. Turns out the asshole didn't have a nickel in the bank.

Claudine Longines Symphonette

Personal Recognizance Bond,

Colorado

Sirs:

And you wonder why I didn't contest the divorce?

Handy Andy

Las Vagarities, Nevada

Sirs:

I fought the law and the law won.

F. Lee Bailey

California Patent Court

Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

And while we're on the subject, just what the hell's the use of working and slaving and busting your ass to make money if you aren't free to go out and spend it on the things that

continued on page 12



S. GROSS



# If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.  
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.  
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.  
All Winston will ever give me is taste.  
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,  
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av.  
per cigarette, FTC Report  
SEPT. '75.



# The new Sansui



The Sansui 9090

# Powerhouse.

Power, features and performance. That's what the new Sansui 9090 and 8080 stereo receivers are all about.

Listen to what the new Sansui 9090 at under \$750.00\* has to offer: • A whopping 110 watts minimum RMS power per channel with both channels driven into 8 ohms over the 20 to 20,000 Hz range with no more than 0.2% total harmonic distortion. • Twin power meters to monitor the output for each channel • Advanced PLL IC Multiplex Demodulator for improved channel separation, eliminating distortion and reducing detuning noise • Twin signal meters for easy, accurate tuning • 7-position tape play switch for total creative versatility in dubbing and monitoring • and many other exciting features. Cabinet finished in walnut veneer.

All in all the Sansui 9090 represents what is probably the most advanced receiver available today. Watt for watt, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, an almost unbelievable value.

Also available is the Sansui 8080 at under \$650.00\* with 80 watts of continuous RMS power under the same conditions with almost all the same features. Cabinet in simulated walnut grain.

Try, and then buy, one of the new Sansui receivers at your favorite Sansui franchised dealer today. You will be glad you did. For years to come.

\*The value shown is for informational purposes only. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Sansui dealer at his option.



Sansui 9090

Sansui 8080

**SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.**  
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SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan  
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium  
In Canada: Electronic Distributors

**Sansui**



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Against the sun's burning rays. Against drying, peeling and flaking.

And against every other man or woman you know.

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For years, island women have been using mysterious natural ingredients to help keep their skin soft, supple, younger looking and deliciously golden.

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- DARK TANNING OIL, \$5.50
- START TANNING OIL, \$5.50
- AFTER TANNING LOTION, \$4.50

Tanning Oil gives the sun carte blanche to cover you with the deepest, darkest island tan you can get.

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Tahitian Tan also makes a Start Tanning Oil, allowing longer initial exposure. And an After Tanning Lotion designed to keep that tan you got during the day smooth and golden brown.

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You and a friend can become eligible to win a true Tahitian Tan. In Tahiti. A trip worth over \$3500. Just send in the coupon below. No purchase necessary.

## OUR SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT TAHITIAN TAN. ON THE PERFECT TAHITIAN TAN MAN

We're looking for the perfect Tahitian Tan. If you've got it, our search could be over. And you'll be our Tahitian Tan Man for next year. Just send in coupon for entry form. No purchase necessary.

## OUR GUARANTEE.

Our guarantee is your money back. If you're not completely satisfied with Tahitian Tan, we'll gladly refund your money. That's just how much we believe in our product.

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NL6

TAHITIAN TAN PRODUCTS, INC.  
1937 BRIARWOOD CT., N.E.  
ATLANTA, GA. 30329

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



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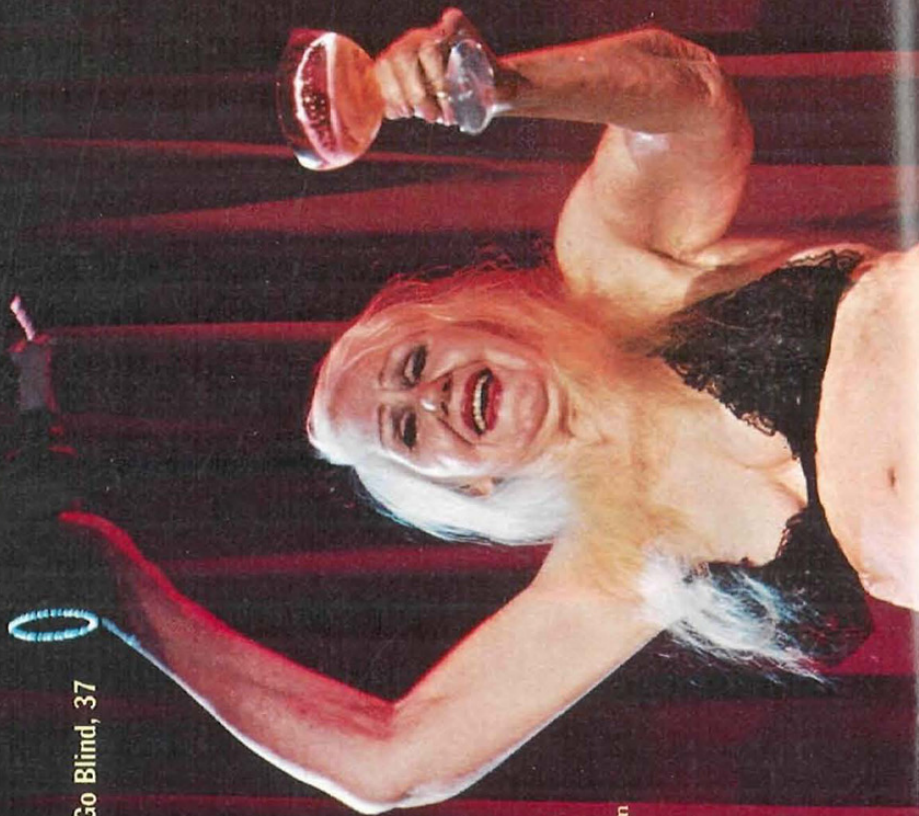
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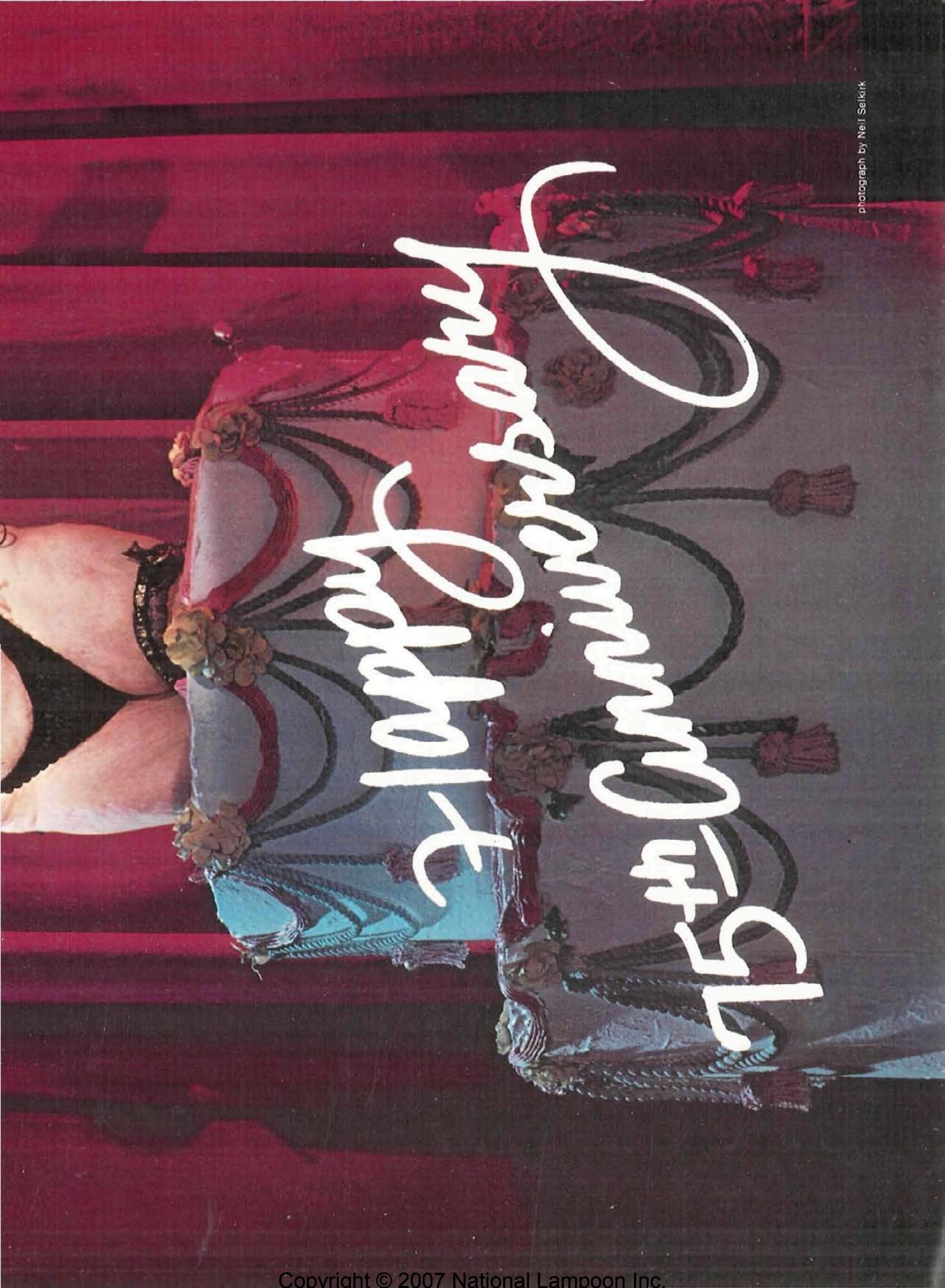
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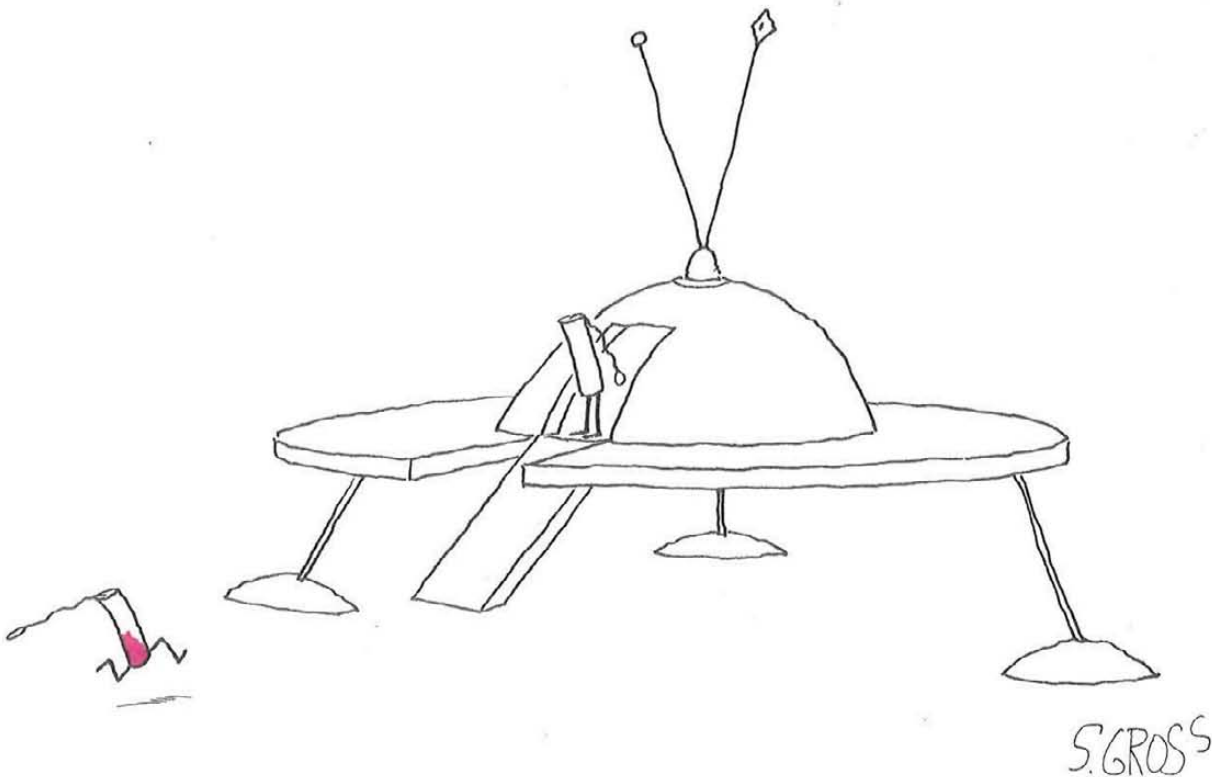




Happy Birthday  
75th Anniversary

photograph by Neil Selkirk





Holy shit, Grygkk! What the hell happened to you?

**get off e-z**

**e-z wider™**  
double width rolling paper

**e-z wider... easily the best**

E-Z Wider, the original doublewidth rolling paper, makes rolling easy. The double width eliminates the hassle of sticking two singlewidth papers together. And E-Z Wider is the standard of quality: finest glue, slow even burn—and the watermark signifies a perfect thinness of paper.

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**Letters**

*continued from page 6*

you want like judges and juries and prosecuting attorneys? This isn't the America that I was taught about in school.

William Randolph Hearst  
San Serutan, Calif.

Sirs:

Is this column sort of like "Penthouse Forum"? Because if it is, I have this dirty experience I'd like to talk about. My girl friend puts my penis in her mouth.

Murrey the K-Ration  
Travers City, Michoacán

Sirs:

Your great Shakespeare wasn't nothing but a lousey Homo.

C. Marlowe  
Winchester Cathedral

Sirs:

You are cordially not invited to my birthday party, although Chris Kristofferson is, which should take some of the sting out of it for you.

Willie Nelson  
Shit 'n' piss, Texas

*continued on page 32*



Malcolm Hereford was an inventive and crusty old hedonist who made his fortune breeding bulls.

A stubborn man, he did things to his liking, regardless. He liked "strong drink." But not its taste. Or its smell. So, he did as only he would do.

He turned his considerable resources to creating drinks to please all the senses.

He succeeded with a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits.

Each is spirited.  
Each pleasant tasting.  
Each pleasing to the eye.  
And each smooth and light to the palate.  
Once done, and with the final iconoclastic twist of wit,

he named them "COWS."

We heard of Malcolm's private "herd."

And found them to be a delicious and spirited new breed of drink.

So, with Malcolm's blessing, we've turned them loose.

Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

**A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer.**



# INTRODUCING MALCOLM HEREFORD'S 30 PROOF COWS.

The Spirited New Breed of Drink.



# ALTERNATE EDITORIAL

## A Woman's History of the National Lampoon by Bitsy Dimple, Under-Associate to the Managing Editor

Actually, this isn't a whole woman's history of the *National Lampoon* since I've only been here since 1975, but I have heard about the formative years and months behind us after work a lot from Mr. O'Rourke.

Among the historical things about this magazine is that Mr. Henry Beard, one of the founding fellows from Harvard, used to be very funny-looking but then got some airline glasses and a girl friend and disappeared. Another founder was Mr. Rob Hoffman, who was Jewish and Texan which was two strokes against him and he got a third stroke and went back to Dallas. Still another founder is or was Mr. Doug Kenney, who is a very unusual person. At least he acts very unusual, and probably will continue to if marijuana overdoses really aren't fatal very often. Michel Choquette, Anne Beatts,

Michael O'Donoghue, and Brian McConnachie were also important to the history of the *National Lampoon* before they had to go away for a long rest. George Trow was, too, but he married Princess Anna Kariyena Romanoff, the noodle heiress.

This brings us up to the present day, about which there are many interesting things. Such as Mr. Len Mogel, the President of NatLampCo, who says he wishes he'd stuck with selling ties on Fourteenth Street. And Mr. Matty Simmons, who isn't nearly as loud and pushy as he seems when you first meet him. Then there is Mr. O'Rourke, my immediate boss, who is also deceptive in not being cold-bloodedly nasty—as this nice bracelet proves. Besides, people shouldn't talk about P.J. that way because if what he's been discussing with those Italian men happens,

he'll be...but I'm not supposed to talk about that.

There are many other important people on the *National Lampoon* staff who haven't been fired yet, too. Most important of these is Tony Hendra, according to him. Sean Kelly is also important. For his size. And so is John Weidman, who's really a lawyer and will probably do better in life later on. Then there is Gerald Sussman, who writes and dresses so funny. Not to mention Ted Mann. And, least of all, Peter Kaminsky, who put together this issue, leaving out "Uncle Buckle the Safety Buffalo" by P.J. P.J. just laughed it off, though. "Clean out your desk, Yid-zo," he laughed.

Well, that's it for the woman's side of the *National Lampoon*. Bye now (and, says P.J., "Buy lots!")

Bitsy

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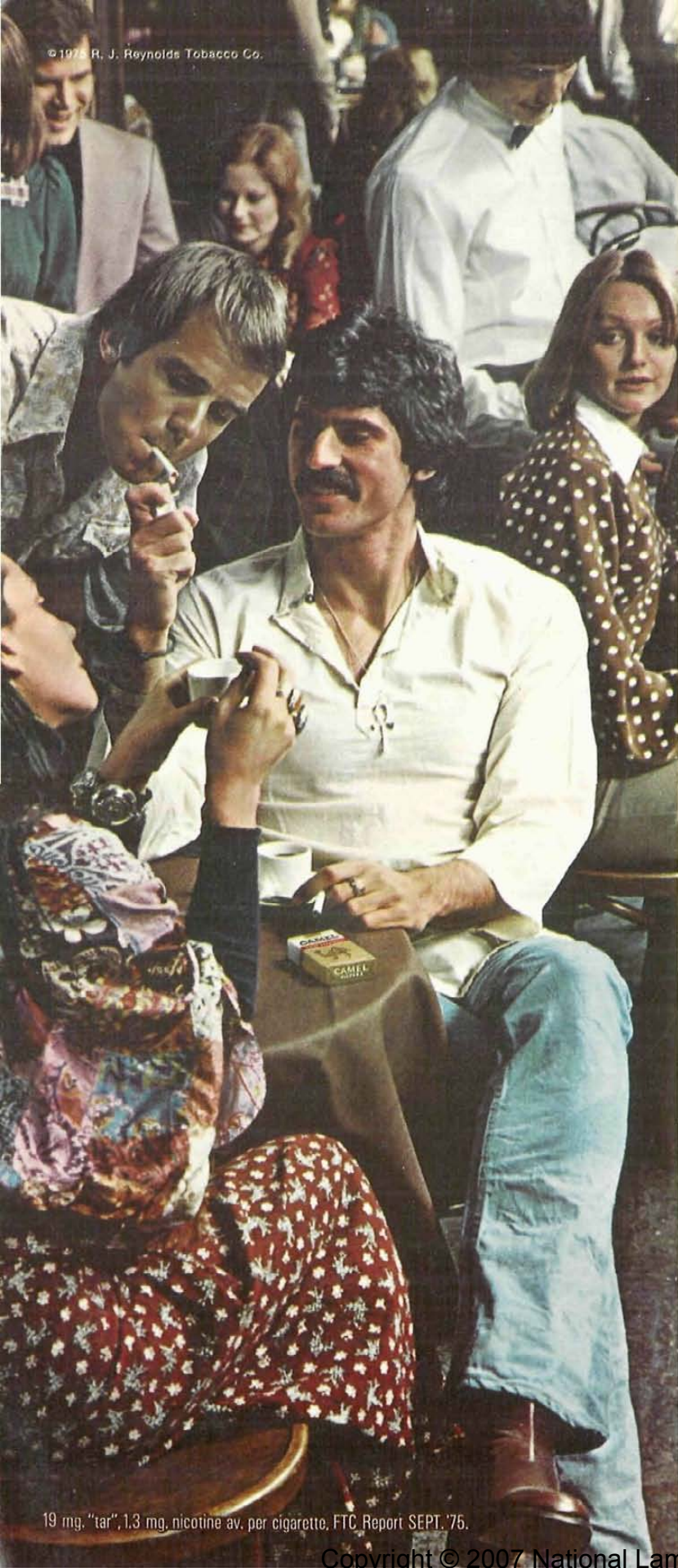


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## The National

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No on Homosexuality—

# SUPREME COURT RESTRICTS RIGHT TO PRIVATES

## All-Male Bugger Court Decides Gay Issue in Private Chambers

The by now almost legendary Bugger Court ruled today on a Maryland case involving a sexual act by two males in private.

The consenting justices, who arrived at their decision in private chambers after donning their traditional basic black dresses, ruled that the right to privates could not be extended to homos whoever or wherever they were. They further ruled that right to assembly could not be construed in any sense as "the right to come to-



gether in the same place" as argued by the defense.

Two distinct dissenting opinions were produced by the case. One, written by Justice Thurgood "Dark

Meat" Marshall, argued that the right to free speech as contained in the Constitution protected the rights of anyone, irrespective of sex, color, or creed, to mince a-

bout like a schoolgirl if he so wished. The other, written by William "Sugarbuns" Brennan, argued that the case was not one that could be decided on constitutional

grounds. His opinion instead was based on what he described as the "continuing national interest," pointing out that homosexuals should be allowed to commit acts of any nature in private since by no stretch of the imagination could they be considered as reproductive. Interviewed by reporters after the decision was announced, Chief Justice Bugger was asked if he was not taken aback by the ruling of the majority in the light of increasingly permissive interpretations of the right to privacy in many states. "I am not taken aback," replied Justice Bugger. "I have never been taken aback. And I have no intention of ever being taken aback."



## SENSUOUS CONDOMS BY MAIL!

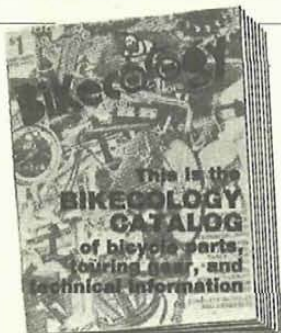
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## Flashlight on Pharmacy



by Brittanica Dimwiddy

Got a headache? Acid indigestion? Or just some kind of funny stomach cramp that won't go away? Chances are that no matter what kind of minor ailment you may be suffering from, your friendly local druggist has just the cure for it. Aside from your doctor, he's the best man to see for those annoying little aches and pains. And he's usually a lot cheaper!

Today's modern drugstore has a thousand and one drugs and pharmaceuticals designed to cure just about anything. Thanks to the painstaking research of our drug companies, we can now cure headaches that occur only at night (Excedrin P.M.), we can have our Aika-Seltzer with or without aspirin, we can have spray, stick, cream, or roll-on deodorants—why, I'll even wager we can buy an athlete foot powder for diabetics with allergies to talcum!

No longer do we "shop and run" at a drugstore. We're virtually dazzled by miles and miles of products—products that make us more beautiful, more hygienic, more alert, more relaxed, more resistant to deadly germs and bacilli so we can stay strong and healthy.

And what kind of man is today's modern druggist? He's a man who can prescribe the right cure for the right ailment (many druggists are happy to refill your sleeping pill or tranquilizer bottle without making you see your doctor for a prescription renewal). He's the man who saves you money on drugs because he's an expert merchandiser (most druggists take courses in retailing and advertising). He's the man with the personal touch (he can still take a cinder out of your eye—it's legal in thirty-four states).

From Kaopectate to corn plasters, from Valium to Vitis, you can always depend on your druggist, our unsung hero who helps us cope with the stresses and strains of modern living.

*A free reprint of this column can be obtained by sending stamped, self-addressed envelope to the National Institute of Pharmacy.*

## Here Because They're Queer

Following the death of interior designer Michael Greer, police were reported questioning New York sadomasochistic homosexuals.

In order to help them in their questioning, police requested that all heterosexuals leave Manhattan island so that remaining homosexuals might be interrogated. Almost two hundred people left the island.

Greer, former designer to such celebrities as Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis and Richard Nixon, reportedly had a deep masochistic streak. Said one cop working out of the city elite "Q" (Queer) division S & M squad, "He had to be a masochist. How else can you explain working for people like that?"

### Fit to Be Tied

Greer's body will be bound, whipped, and cremated in a private ceremony as soon as it is released by the coroner following the autopsy.

## FUNNY





# MARLEY

**"BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS BAND OF THE YEAR 1975" . . . .**

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**"BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS ... Reggae at it's sinuously, sexily, rocking best!" . . . .**

—John Rockwell, New York Times

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—Robert Hilburn, Los Angeles Times

**"MARLEY IS FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, HIS LYRICS SHOULD BE PRINTED ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY NEWSPAPER" . . . .**

—Dr. John

**"BEST THING I HAVE SEEN IN TEN YEARS ... I COULD WATCH THE WAILERS ALL NIGHT" . . . .**

—George Harrison



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## Reagan:

# It Takes a Big Man to Be President

"A big man can probe our national and international problems more deeply. He can fill the needs of our people and come to more satisfying solutions," presidential hopeful Ronald Reagan announced last night at a fund-raising dinner in Los Angeles. "And I've got the biggest since William Howard Taft," he added.

Reagan spread his arms to indicate a size of over thirty-six inches, which would easily qualify for the *Guinness Book of*

*Records*. In the heat of the primary campaigns, politicians tend to exaggerate, but Reagan insists he will make a full disclosure to anyone who wishes to accompany him to the men's room.

Meanwhile, George Wallace is hopping on the same bandwagon, minimizing his handicapped state by emphasizing his own bigness. Ironically, this spokesman for the "little man" is still running many inches short of Reagan, although wife Cornelia says he's even bigger than he claims. "No matter what happens at the Democratic Convention, I'll never be a tool of the liberals or those Jimmy-come-lately conservatives," he said.



Carter takes a firm stand.

Jimmy Carter displays trouser snake he hopes will make him president. The candidate pointed out his meat stood an inch taller than he did and claimed to be dating a section of the Alaska pipeline.



"Politics is no longer a game of inches. It's a game of feet."



Dark horse Wallace sizes up his power.



Wife Cornelia vouches for husband's bigness.



# THE BEAT GOES ON

By JIZ WENNER

It's time that people started to get hip to the fact that talent is something that you're born with (and I guess others of us are born to write about it). But dig, it's no accident that Garry and Jerry Lewis both made it big. Where I'm coming from is Mike Douglas. Now there are some brothers and sisters out there who think that Mike is not as talent as his brother, Kirk. That's jive. Mike Douglas is every bit as talented as Kirk. That's why I got such a rush on the Academy Awards. I mean like, not only did the dude make the flick, he practically wrote the book.

Or talkin' about your collective unconscious (which Carl Young layed down a long time ago), what about the Carradines? Incidentally, Carradine means "douchebucket" in Basque. John was a powerhouse and Dave practically put our lifestyle on the map out there in white bread land. So it's incredibly primo that Keith got picked for his tune at the Oscars. Like the man said, "Less is more."

If I can just step out of the linear thing for a second, I'd like to riff a little about this whole family trip. . . Dobie and Joel Gray. . . Graham and Estelle Parsons. . . and, of course, Clive and Miles Davis. It's in-fucking-credible how many

of the super heavies come out of the same karass. . . Dig you later.

Next Monthlies: New underground side from Roomtone records has a never-released Dictabelt version of "Pipeline" by Jerry and the rest of the Dead. . . Arista Records has commissioned Dinky Toys (wow, what a childhood flash!) to produce a plaster cast of Barry Manilow's tool. . . Charley Pride and Leontyne Price are set to go on the road with a show for A&P. Charley's new single is "A Paler Shade of White." . . Phil Ochs left Bob Dylan's unlisted phone number as a suicide note. . . Michoacan \$400/lid, Colombian \$25,000/oz. . . Peruvian Rock \$80/blow. . .

## Yanks to Reenact '45 Liberation; Italians Scared

Congress today approved 1.3 million dollars in funds to a group of twenty-four congressmen who will commemorate the bicentennial by re-creating the allies'

takeover of Italy.

The congressmen will land in Milan in a replica 1945 spitfire, where they will rape and pillage the city. Twenty-four women, direct descendants of the women who greeted the American GIs in 1943, will give the

congressmen ceremonial blow jobs at the scene of the battle of Salerno. The congressmen will then be taken by oxcart to Florence, where they will loot historic monuments and religious shrines, stealing valuable satins, jewels, and paintings to take home to their designated "girl friends," who will be chosen by their local chambers of commerce. Before their journey home, the congressmen will travel to Rome, where they will father thirty-eight illegitimate children.

Each congressman will be supplied with \$500 in cash, seven pairs of nylons, and twenty-five Hershey bars to use when necessary.

When questioned by reporters as to why the taxpayers must pay for this "Bicentennial salute," House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill replied, "Fuck you."

# WHO? WHAT? WHERE?

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## L. A. Rams Sign Red Grange for Twelve Million

Red Grange, who has been holding out since 1936, today signed a 1976 National Football League Contract and will join the Los Angeles Rams. Grange was originally the property of the Chicago Bears but, according to recent rulings, his contract under the now defunct reserves clause lapsed in 1938. Grange's salary at that time was \$8,000 per season. His new agreement calls for twelve million dollars over a period of three years.

Payments will be broken down as follows:

1. Three million dollars a year in salary.
2. A chauffeured Cadillac limousine in Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland, Omaha, Pawtucket, Ochos Rios, and Bombay.
3. A nurse for his ninety-four-year-old mother-in-law.
4. A nurse for the seventy-one-year-old Grange.
5. A private physician to travel with him during the season.
6. A one million dollar life insur-

ance policy payable to his wife should he expire during the life of the contract.

7. A one million dollar life insurance policy payable to him should his wife expire during the life of the contract.
8. A one million dollar life insurance policy payable to him should anyone named Red expire during the life of the contract.
9. A new pair of shoes.

Grange said at a press conference in Los Angeles today that he was happy with the contract and that it was well worth waiting for. "My only regret," he added, "is that Bronko Nagurski is not here today. He could have gotten at least ten mill."

## Rhodesia:

### Whites Tell Blacks, "Lemme outta Here"

As the clock ticked ever closer to midnight, thousands of white refugees struggled in the heat of the tro-

pic sun to escape the advance of Marx-crazed guerrillas in racially troubled Africa's newest hot spot, southern Rhodesia.

Everywhere the mood was somber and sullen, as whites were forced to flee with their belongings on the backs of their servants. Some were lucky to get out with a Lear Jet stuffed

with leopard hides. Others, less fortunate, left with little more than a hastily grabbed fistful of diamonds.

In a scene reminiscent of slave auctions in the Old South, golf four-

somes, bridge clubs, and doubles partners were indiscriminately broken up and sent to widely scattered refugee camps. The next stop for some of this flotsam of history might be an understaffed town house in unsightly St. John's Wood, while others will have to start life anew without a swimming pool in a Godalming manor house. But for all there is the same heartless uncertainty of not knowing where the next magnum of Moët will come from.

Perhaps the feeling of despair and bitterness that pervades the white community was best summed up by ex-refrigerator repairman Hugh Bottle. Holding a gun to the head of his favorite polo pony, Bottle wiped a tear from his eye as he sighed, "The whites are going out all over Africa."

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The first 'live' album from Joe Walsh features Glenn Frey, Don Henley, and Don Felder of the Eagles, Willie Weeks, Andy Newmark, Joe Vitale, Rocky Dzidzonru, Jay Ferguson, and David Mason performing a set of Walsh classics.

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# Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Before the invention of the quinella parimutual, the wheel—in those dear dead days when men were men and bet money on horses—Red used to play the ponies with a motley crew of regulars. “The Perfesser” (who once beat that little fruit Damon Runyon to a pulp in the men’s room at Rockingham), Clem the Clocker (before whom you had to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of whom), Dinny Clinker, “The Saratoga Drunk,” who used to camp out on the infield at the big S and eat the swans, and Sam “the Rabbi” Burke, the horse phrenologist who bet by the bumps.

The recent Ruffian farrago put ol’ Red in mind of one time, back in the summer of ’18. The nags running that season were not of the best, our nation’s finest horseflesh being at that time occupied hauling caissons or being poached by the King of France. One entry in the second race that summer had sat down in the middle of the backstretch and scratched herself behind her ear with her left rear paw.

Well, sir, one A.M., Clem had awakened Dinny and Sam the Rabbi to watch the ponies practice. A particular filly, name of Bessie (by Elmer, out of Le Page’s) had a less than great track record, and was, in fact, a stiff. But as she staggered from the stable that day, she struck her head on a cross beam, the welt arising therefrom causing Bessie to resemble the fabled unicorn. Sam the Rabbi takes one look, and concludes fortissimo, “We’re rich!” As Bessie took the track in full but bleary view of all, Dinny must have slipped Clem the Clocker a nip from his ubiquitous flask, for Clem’s thumb missed the button, with the result that Bessie was clocked for a mile and a quarter in twenty seconds flat.

At post time that P.M., the Perfesser arrives at the track to discover that his pals are pre-

pared to wager what passed for a fortune in those times upon the nose of the aforesaid beast of burden.

Now, the Perfesser is always one to help his buddies out, and a mean man with such chemicals and apparatus as he has heisted from the lab where he once worked. Determined not to see his cronies blow their wad on an also-ran, he infiltrates the paddock area and slips ol’ Bessie a succulent carrot he has previously hypoed with heartbeat-boosting nitro.

Bessie’s looking frisky going into the gate, kicking a couple of unnecessary appendages off a bystanding groom. We are going collectively bats by the rail, our meat hooks crammed with two-buck ducats.

The bell goes, the gate pops, and before you can say Alfred Nobel, Bessie literally explodes out of there. She won by a nose, placed by a haunch, and showed by a fetlock, but the stewards ruled that the majority of her landed well out of the money.

Clem, the Perfesser, Sam the Rabbi, Dinny, and me made bus fare home scraping Bessie up for the knacker wagon. And it was that very night I first heard Dinny sing, “She lived out by the race track/And all the horse men knew her.”

## Annual Report Funnier than March Issue

Stockholders in *National Lampoon’s* parent corporation, Twenty First Century Communications, reportedly found their annual report better reading than

the magazine’s March issue.

Editors of the magazine briefly debated publishing that financial statement as a supplement to the magazine, but decided against it after considering the counterarguments offered by pro-

minent underworld figures and a subscriber known only as “the original Mexican Bob.”

The controversial March issue contained “offensive dwarf dinkus” and was an immense popular success with Larry Flint, gutsy maverick and publisher of *Hustler* magazine. Unfortunately, the issue was not so popular with other trend-setters, among them a Canadian D.A., a moron, and decent people.

P.J. O’Rourke, reported editor of the issue, said in an interview that he thought he was “putting together a real commercial package. Now,” said O’Rourke, “they don’t even want tits on the cover. Put brains on the cover—see how they like that.”

Former magazine editor Brian McConachie reportedly described the magazine as being composed of “blood and excrement.” According to medical men, these substances constitute 22 percent of the former editor’s body.

Other shocks have reportedly wracked the massive *National Lampoon* empire but reportedly are not as controversial as dwarf’s dinks, and have been fully covered in other publications.

## FUNNY





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Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
<b>Carlton Filter</b>	<b>*2</b>	<b>0.2</b>
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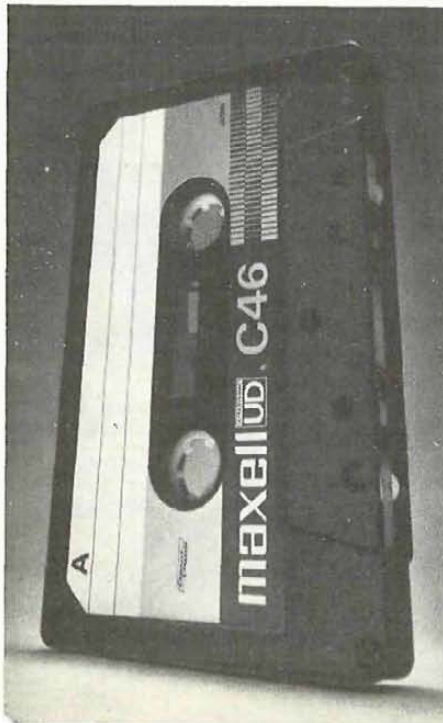


“They have not a groatsworth of witte among them,” quoth **Chevy Chase** (it was reported), sneering cruelly and tearing a copy of the *National Lampoon* apart with his teeth, “but are a parcel of larcen-graphobes, jestplucks, punpicks, cut-gags, cleptomots, and second story men, by which I mean they’ll steal your funny story the second you make it up. Humor’s hand-me-downs are their stock in trade, and nothing pleases them more than a contraband prank, yesterday’s quip, or the diamonds of better minds. Mine, for instance. Which they print as their own. Rhinestone Jubilee, they should call it. Pooh on them!” Having delivered this chilling flyting, Chase (it was said) ruffled his emu boa, batted his eyelashes into left field, and fell into a pink study from which reporters had to return

him to the paisley drawing room of his eminent domain on Forty-eighth and Eleventh Avenue, gasping with rage and fragments of undigested Foto Funnies, for he had spoken with his mouth full. This could be hearsay, of course, and reporters may have been lying, for **Birdbath** knows Chase to be *sans reproche*, to have bathed twice, to down his daily lecithin. Rules, rules—for look at his pukka vests and declare if you can credit for a single jiffy the scuttlebutt that those paper tigers wrapt in players’ hides of the “Satireday Night Show” have the smallest cause for grievance with the *NatLamp*. Not poss. Still, it has been reported other. It has been grapevined that those noble-browed, kind, amiable, cultivated guardians of the sanctity of the printed word have been denounced by the T.V.-ers as mere university wits and thieves, hijackers of high comedy and quizkid stiffs. “We of the buskin and tabor,” said Michael O’Donoghue (so the gossip goes), “partake of the sweat and fume of The Theatre, deal with the vast, brawling, colorful, and quick-witted illiterate public. We deal with the spoken, they with but the written word, written, if you read

them, for those whose lips move while they read. Frauds all, frauds every. **Sean Kelly**, for instance, is actually Polish. Wiscinszczi is his name, although he twinkles and purports to have read Joyce and to be from Canada, but no one has ever read Joyce or ever been to Canada, so no one can prove that. Have you? Have you ever been to Sean Kelly’s birthplace—“The Birthplace,” as it is called at 635 Mad.? Well then, don’t talk. A man who would steal another man’s nationality would steal anything. **Peter Kaminsky**, for instance. No, ass, no one would steal him, perish the thought, for have you ever seen him? He never eats! And he wears glasses—a sign of effiteness and cranial petrification—glasses, mind you. Look at me, do I wear glasses, do I, do I? Put on your glasses, then, and tell me. But don’t speak of **Christopher Cerf** when you do, that shadowy grandee, hiding his birthmarks and his shame. Criminal tendencies cloaked in the gravity of the scholar, if I ever saw them, but I never did because he works by night. And while you’re alluding to crime, *mon brave*, don’t mention **Henry Beard**. Keep him out of the conversation, and utter his name in the *National Lampoon* bullpen on pain of death. For **Matty Simmons** killed him. Henry, poor sot, had retired to his sun porch, and Matty came by one day to pay him his share, but slew him instead by pushing him down, hard, on the floor. Dour, dull Henry did not move any more, so Matty sealed up the porch and rented Henry’s apartment for a fat profit to strangers, furnished, indeed without even throwing out Henry’s dirty underwear, so Henry has this glass coffin high over Gotham, like a fly in amber, and that’s the sort of played-out pre-tentiously improbable story you hear about those people. I don’t know them really, never worked there, never liked it, it was nasty, there was a strange undertow. **Gerry Sussman**, to wit, if one can use that expression in respect to him, is a devoted jokejacker and does not know how to waltz, and has six toes on one foot, and you don’t have to ask which foot because he only has one, and you need not inquire whether I have seen it because it grows out of his cheek, and you may have no cause to doubt which cheek because he has but one of those as well. He’s but a wordjones, a gigglesnatch, but why bother with him,

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he walks with the ball. His collection of eleven by eight-and-a-half onion-skins is said to be prize. Strange, if you ask me, whereas **Doug Kenney** has never taken drugs in his life. Never. Never dope, grass, snow, poppers, pills, peyote. Nothing. *Never even tripped!* (Oh, it feels good to scream.) Not sunshine and not moonshine. He has never, no never, even drunk a cup of coffee or mooched a Camel. They're all like that—ivory towers up their asses. Granted, **Brian McCannachie** is a beautiful ballet dancer. Beautiful. No question. And very cuddly. But he has retired. He has gone into spiritualism. His eyes are closed, he's breathing deeply somewhere in the Adirondacks. He's hearing voices. He's hearing them right now. He's going to start dictating *Seth Shuts Up*. It's a ruse, I tell you, an imposture! But how obvious can you be, I ask you? Smuggling *our* humor, and printing it right out like that! **George S. Trow**, luckily for him, got out of it. Used to write a column very much like *Birdbath*, but infinitely better. Oh, infinitely! Works for *The Star* now. Very busy there. Nice ties. Too bad. **Michael Cross**—he steals our stuff wholesale. Sits in

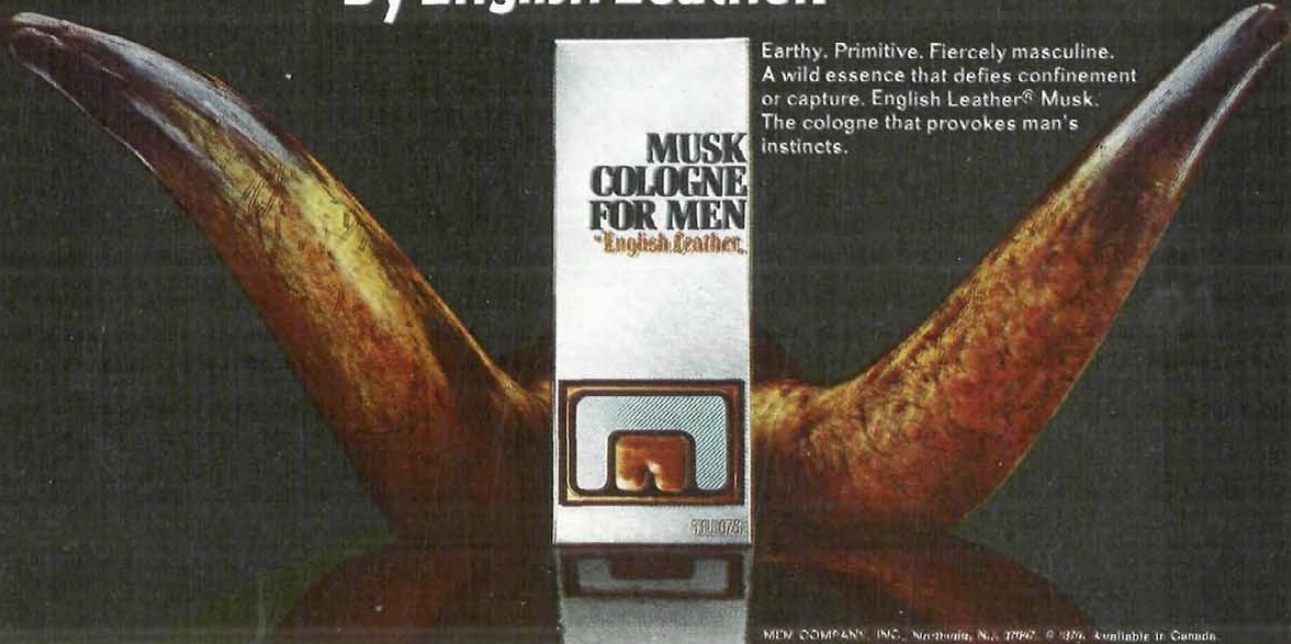
front of the T.V. and forges. He's a heterosexual, too—whatever that means. Bakes nice cookies, though. And **Rick Meyerowitz**—he's the most fascinating conversationalist, it's true, but, oh God, what narrow shoulders, what tea-stained cuffs, what difficulty seeing him out. Essentially a hybrid. A kumquat. Mysterious. But rank. Kindness is best in such cases, and you ask me about **Gahan Wilson**. Why he steals I don't know, for his livelihood is as a recipient of a fund which a group of Harlem businessmen amassed to be distributed to whites who are not earning as much money as blacks. They are hired to publicize in every conversation they hold the cause of blacks who do not earn as much money as whites. Is that through the looking glass, Alice, or what? **Jeff Jones** died. He also stole from us, so I'm glad he died, glad I tell you, glad. Buried at sea with *Idyl, pax vobiscum*, down there with *Harte Crane*, who, believe you me, will be asking *him* some questions. **Chris Miller**? Who's that? I never heard of him. He's no friend of mine, that's sure. Oh, he's the one doesn't know you open your fly when you fuck! Well, I expect the reason I don't

know him then is that he laughlifts nothing, since very few of our jokes, pet, are founded on the dryhump. But *Porky Pig* cannot top in reiteration the stuff **Charles Rodrigues** pinches, the link. If he ever takes up smoking, I hope he dies of it. We're going to take them to court, we really are. We're going to have at them. Just because we are poor players that strut and fret our hour upon an empty sound stage, the tool of producers, and the creature of stinking public approval, they think we are nothing, naught. Boo-hoo! I dropped my hanky. Give it back to me, you pig. It's an intrusion to look into someone else's hanky. Would you look into someone else's toilet paper? No, you'd have more discretion. And breeding! Still, I have the only crocheted Kleenex between Thirty-sixth Street and Forty-ninth. But I have no more tears to shed. For justice shall be done. Tell them, John. This is **John Belushi**. Tell them."

"I will. **P.J. O'Rourke**'ll be the first to go, most of all because he has fat hips and a huge paunch, his with his caviar mentality and dreams of grace. He's a stone academician, believe me. Fie on him, poke a stick

*continued*

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when you don't want the music to stop

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## Birdbath

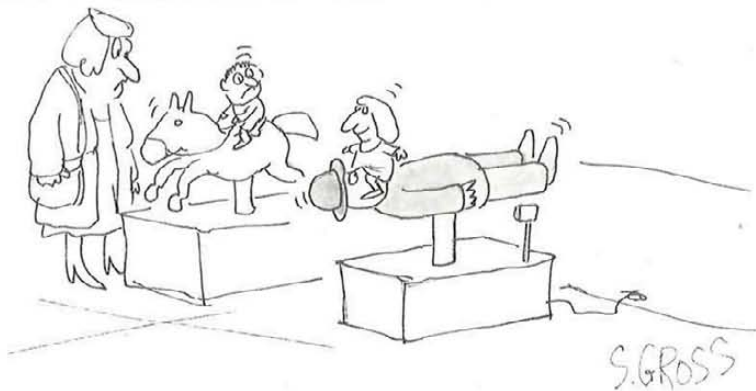
continued

in his eye." We could scarcely credit Belushi's having said this, but preferred not to question our source lest we offend it. "And **Emily Prager**—she too originates everything she writes with us. Why, she has a counterfeit "Polish Rider" right in her own bedroom. But never mind, I have other tales to tell from which **Ted Mann**, creature from inner space, austere, antique, bald, brutish, and short, shall not be exempt, you may be sure. No more than shall **Peter Kleinman**, the beardless wonder, or **Dean Latimer**, who writes but two words a year and those not his own, or **John Weidman**, who claims to bear the same name as his more famous literary ancestor—John Dreiser? John Shakespeare? John Chaucer?—we wot not which. But far be it from us to slander such base opponents as they. I would never do it, never, caitiff knaves though they be. For the wrong is on their side, not ours. We have not poached, we have not waived copyright practice, we have not rushed my T.V. scripts into bad quartos, I, who will never publish my works while I live. **Marc Rubin**, **Ed Subitzky**, **Bruce McCall**—turn them upside down and they're all alike—bookworms coming out their penetralia—feasting in there on other men's flowers. **Tony Hendra**—deaf in one elbow! But no. No. Only one will I speak ill of, only one deserves the true bastinado. **R. Bruce Moody**, he who would steal from us boldly and without conscience, but understands nothing of wit, or riposte, but dressed in his purple trenchcoat sits instead in feeble terror of his betters, delivering himself smugly of his bi-annual epigram like the Pythian Oracle. This superannuated tyro stalks through the fourth floor offices with a smirk of infinite condescension on his features, and would sell his soul for a woman's favors, but that the ha'penny is not longer minted. He makes a point never to gossip and never does, so conversation stales about him like drought. A hack, a counterman, an oaf, his only claim to literacy is his dictionary. Has a beautiful nose, though, I bit it once, and a happy way with pancakes. It's true, yes, that he never abrogates an undue amount of space to himself. Right. Would never assume the most important position in a catalog, say. Nope. Still, if he is modest, he has so

much to be modest about, doesn't he? Blanches to see his name in print. Refuses to talk about himself. Forbids others to too, absolutely and to the maniacal degree that if he saw this he would sue me for derogation of character, so don't print what I say to you, pray. He's litigious and carries a dart. I couldn't pay his legal expenses. What else can I say about him? Mmmm. Flat feet? Yes, that. Hung like a tripod. Very well, if you're into size. The so-called "literacy" of these university marwits, fencefuns, and dubious devotees of Momus, these upstart parrots beautified with our feathers, is

typified by him. Whereas we, we of the Performing Arts, we of the Globe, the Bijou—I can't read that cue card, boy, hold it higher. Of what use is writing to us? Less use than our jests are to them. For, the written word—what has it but a false permanency? A magazine passes like the menses. Are the lights right on me? A little more of the pink follow spot, I think. That's not the right card, young man, and if you don't get it right preeeety fucking quick, I will do what I am very seldom impelled to do—deliver myself, not of a *bon mot*, but of a bad word...."

R. Bruce Moody



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NATIONAL LAMPOON 29





• After spending five months in federal custody, Kenneth Ferrell was released, and allowed to return to his Kanawha County, West Virginia, home.

Ferrell had been detained for threatening to hit President Ford in the mouth with a persimmon. *Washington Post* (J. Doyle)

• Blaine Gregory Gould, twenty-two, of St. John, New Brunswick, was fined \$250 after pleading guilty

to the charge of misleading a police officer.

The prosecution revealed that Gould had deep fried his pet gerbil and then pretended to find it in a box of fried chicken purchased at a local take-out restaurant. *Kitchener Waterloo Record* (S. Fleischauer)

• A door-to-door magazine salesman had his solicitation permit revoked this week following numerous complaints concerning his sales methods.

According to police, the offender, an employee of Opportunity Services Co., Inc., of Michigan City, Ind., had called upon a local woman in the hopes of selling her a magazine subscription. When she failed to express sufficient interest, the salesman unzipped his trousers and urinated in her hallway. (N. Kletti) *The Iowa City Press Citizen*

• Sheriff's investigators in Rochester, New York, report no evidence of foul play in an incident in which the severed finger of an infant was sent through the mail to an inmate.

According to the inmate's common-law wife, their otherwise healthy child was born with six fingers on each hand. Doctors removed the extra digits.

The mother told investigators that she kept one finger and sent the other to her husband as a good luck piece. (Ethel Evert) *Times Union*

• Dick Edwards says that a strange substance has been falling from the sky and splattering his house.

According to Edwards, his house is directly under a flight path, and he believes he's being hit by toilet debris as the johns are flushed just before landing.

He reported the nuisance to the FAA and was told to watch for planes and note the registration number of any offending airliner. Refusing, Edwards said, "If they think I'm going to stand outside with my face to the sky, they're nuts." *Moneysworth* (S. Chambers)

• The founder of the Hare Krishna movement, His Divine Grace A.C. Bkaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, told a Chicago press conference that women are barred from positions of authority in the movement because their brains are too small.

A.C. explained, "Woman is not equal in intelligence to man. Man's brain weighs sixty-four ounces; woman's weighs thirty-six ounces. It

is just a fact."

The swami declined to offer any scientific evidence to back up his claim. (R. Westberg) *The Phoenix Gazette*

• Twenty-seven-year-old Carmon Leo complained that a rear-end auto collision turned him into a homosexual.

Although his only physical injury was to his back, Leo said the accident had a jarring effect on his personality and altered his sexuality. The back injury kept him from work for six months, robbing him of his masculinity, Leo said.

"When I found I couldn't function in the business world and support my wife, the effect was emasculating."

According to his attorney, after the accident, Leo left his wife, moved in with his parents and started hanging around gay bars and reading homosexual literature.

The Wayne County Circuit Court Jury awarded him \$200,000. The jury also awarded his wife \$25,000. *Akron Beacon Journal* (Boogie Records)

• Three Glassboro State College coeds told police they were worried about the strange noises they heard in the walls of their apartments—especially since the noises seemed to follow them as they moved around.

Armed with a search warrant, police entered the apartment house Friday and found a plushly carpeted crawlspace connecting the landlord's apartment with each of the girls' apartments. Built into the crawlspace were vents enabling a person to see virtually every inch of the three apartments.

The passageway was outfitted with pillows, mirrors, and mirrorboxes that allowed a viewer to see around corners.

In the attic was a red light attached to each individual apartment's bathroom light. The red light would alert anyone in the attic that the bathrooms were in use. Also found was a variety of pornography and related paraphernalia, including life-size inflatable dolls.

Police arrested the landlord, who was arraigned on three counts of invasion of privacy. *Sunday Star Ledger* (H. Curtis)

Ten dollars in cash will be given for items used. Send entries to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

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# "I challenge you to break my World Record for the most miles traveled by bus in 30 days."



"The Guinness World Record for the most miles traveled by bus in 90 days is 17,104 miles. But who has the money to ride a bus for 90 days?"

So I established my own World Record: 12,147 miles in 30 days.

You say, there's a record I could get my teeth into, but not my wallet. Still no problem.

Trailways offers a number called Eaglepass: 30 days of unlimited travel for \$175, 60 days for \$250. How many guys have become living legends for a measley 1.444068 cents a mile?

Other companies have similar deals, but I chose a Trailways bus for its great ride, comfortable seats, and you know what else? Mother says they have clean toi-tois.

America is waiting for a new breed of red-blooded, two-fisted adventurer who will accept my challenge. Can you cut the ketchup? If so, give your travel agent a ring. Or mail the coupon. This could just be your first step to immortality."

- I accept your challenge, but not your shorts. Send me more information on Eaglepass.  
 I'm crazy about travel, but not that crazy. Just send me more information on Eaglepass.

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Mail to: Trailways Eaglepass, 2805 Logan St.,  
Dallas, Texas 75215

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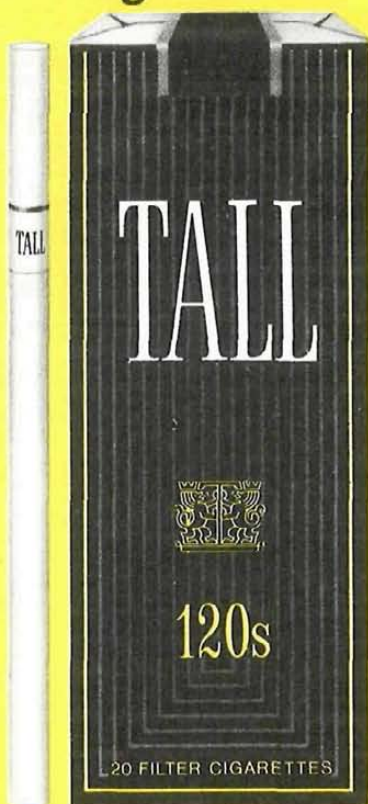
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# TALL

# 120s

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over  
ordinary  
cigarettes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

## Letters

continued from page 12

Sirs:

The *National Lampoon* isn't what it used to be and it never was.

A. Reader  
Reading, Pa.

Sirs:

I understand that there's a fellow named Dylan who writes songs about middleweight contenders who aren't guilty of anything bad. Is he popular with the youth-vote types and do you have his address?

Jimmy "Novocaine" Carter  
Chunk Style, Georgia

Sirs:

We, the undersigned, do freely admit to having spanked Lawrence of Arabia.

George Bernard and Charlotte Shaw  
Richard Aldington  
Robert Graves  
Rupert Brooke  
Winston Churchill  
Theodor Herzl  
Kemal Atatürk and the young Turks  
José Ferrer  
Evelyn Waugh  
Lytton Strachey  
G.K. Chesterton  
Lowell Thomas  
Ronald Firbank  
Gertrude Lawrence  
Augustus John  
Queenie Leavis  
Keir Hardy  
Alice B. Toklas  
Wilfred Owen  
Coco Chanel and his brother Bozo  
Anthony Hendra

Sirs:

Speaking of foreigners, I feel obliged to preface the argument I intend to advance by stating that I have done no special research on the subject and can cite no authority other than my own, but I have found as a general rule the French are fucking assholes.

Looking back to the time of Napoleon, we see the slug-eaters blithely following a Corsican midget deep into Russia, only to find themselves outnumbered by snowflakes.

Recent history doesn't make the truffle-grubber look much better. Filthy-berer has contributed little but pornography, overpriced wine, and thirty-five new forms of Communism to daily life here.

I may be going too far, stop me if you like, but don't you think venerable old Jean Paul Sartre is the biggest coliform bacteria who ever picked his

nose with both thumbs? I could be wrong, but it looks to me like he spent his entire life trying to prove that he wasn't a flaming loon. And what about Simone DeBoovwah? Holy suffering Christ in a green hat, ask Nelson Algren if that French cunt doesn't think she's an intellectual.

I could go on and on. Roger Vadim, even God's favorite angels call him a stovepipe full of shit, and there's no way you can tell me Andre Gide's life would have been wasted working in a garlic mine or that jail shouldn't be the physical as well as spiritual home of Jean Genet. Well, I have to leave now, but I'll be back, and if a frog-gobbler should happen to stick his head over your back fence, swing a rake at it.

Professor Sterling Stacy Truscott  
White Studies Dept.  
University of Montreal  
Montreal, Quebec

Sirs:

I'll tell you what else you left out of your May issue:

An Englishman, a Ukrainian, an African, and a monkey were walking down the street. They got to a public swimming pool and agreed among themselves to jump off the highest tower there. The Englishman was the first to climb up. He stood at the edge of the board, held his nose, said, "God save the queen!" and jumped in, feet first. The Ukrainian climbed up, stood at the edge of the board, raised a fist into the air, yelled, "She lives on, our Ukraine!" and jumped in, headfirst. The African ate the monkey, climbed up the tower, stood at the edge of the board, proclaimed loudly that he was going to do a triple flip, jumped off the board, did half a flip, landed on his back, and killed himself.

Nicky, Beano, and Nuk  
Filtz, Neb.

Pssst:

I don't think anybody should get nervous just yet, but strictly between you, me, and the water cooler, I heard from a *very reliable* source that the publisher's wife didn't think the last ish was erylav unnyflay.

Hasta la vista,  
Bob (Down in Market Research)

Sirs:

Here's something that could go right into the *National Lampoon*: I had to go to this \_\_\_\_\_ and when I got there, the \_\_\_\_\_ was so \_\_\_\_\_ that I could hardly \_\_\_\_\_. It was so



\_\_\_\_\_ you wouldn't have believed it. Boy, you guys really ought to do something on \_\_\_\_\_s like that sometime.

Anyone You Meet  
Everyplace, U.S.A.

Sirs:

A lot of people think I'm going to give in to international pressure and accept some kind of compromise that would allow a quick transition to majority rule here in Rhodesia. This is not the case. There'll be no majority rule in Rhodesia while I can help it. I've been to Detroit. We'd rather fight and die.

Ian Smith  
Salisbury Steak, Africa

Sirs:

"Dancing in the moonlight" may indeed be a "fine and natural sight" if you live on a dirt farm in Iowa. It is another thing altogether when you live on Forty-third Street. Anyone dancing in the moonlight around there is definitely doing so to prevent his feet from getting shot off. I'd like to encourage the citizens of my area to get more involved in community problems, at least to the extent of throwing lemon gin bottles out their hotel room windows at suspected muggers.

Mike Croll  
Third Stoop Past the Times Building  
Forty-third Street, New York

Sirs:

I have an idea for a parody of *The Sound of Music* which I bet you'll be interested in as it is "right down your alley" and my friends all tell me that I'm so funny that I ought to do some-

thing for the *National Lampoon*, that's how crazy and zany I am. I'm enclosing an example of what some of the lyrics would be like, though this is just a rough draft:

Do, some cash, a wad of cash  
Ray, a singing blind Negro  
Me, a town that ends in Lai  
Fa-rah slacks, they really blow  
So, who gives a living shit?

La, \_\_\_\_\_  
Ti, a smoke to bend your head  
And that brings us back to do...

Etc. I've been having some trouble with the sixth line, but I'm sure it'll come to me. How much do you pay?

James Dickey  
Famous Correspondence School of  
Poetry  
Tallywhack, Alabama

Sirs:

It beats me how a guy like Jimmy Carter can say he doesn't support giving money to Israel and then turn around and want to ship the niggers back to Africa by first class boat. That doesn't make good sense. If you want to get rid of the Hebes, you've got to pay the freight on them, too. Nothing's free.

Scoop Jackson  
Senate Defense Appropriation  
Committee  
Broom Closet  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Chevy Chase:  
Just remember what happened to  
Vaughn Meader.

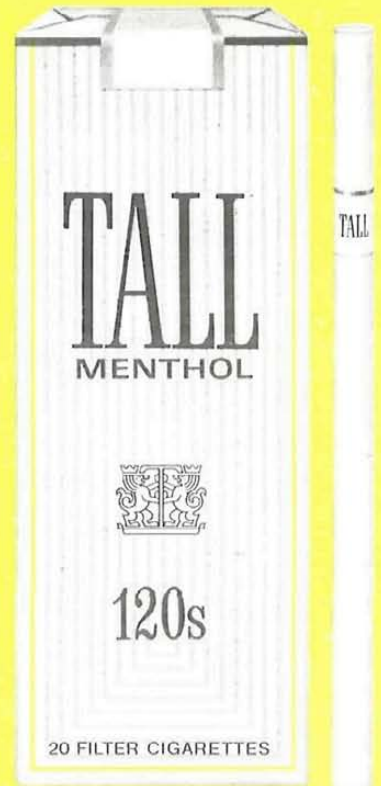
A Friend  
Havana, Cuba



# TALL

## 120s

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extra puffs.  
Costs no more  
than 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has  
Determined That Cigarette Smoking  
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 18 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine  
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From the Desk of Sylvia Miles

Hi!  
Happy diamonds!  
Who are you? Can I come?  
Sylvia Miles!  
Rxyppppp!

## VAGINO-AMERICANS SALUTE 75TH MONTHLY ISSUE!

GUYS-YOU'RE DOING A BLOODY GOOD JOB-  
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THESE TEENSY-  
WEENSY THINGY-WINGIES;

\*FIRE ALL MEN, HIRE FUNNY WOMEN.

\*WOMEN ARE NOT TO BE DEPICTED AS  
HAVING TIT OBJECTS.

\*THE PHYSICAL ACT OF LOVE IS NOT TO  
BE DEPICTED AS HUMOROUS AND/OR  
SEXUAL. IT IS A BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE  
ACT BETWEEN ONE OR MORE WOMEN.



VAGINO-AMERICANS AGAINST MALE DOUCHEBUCKETS



BEFORE



AFTER

**Happy  
Seventy-five—  
When you gonna  
grow up?!**

*Jerry Reuben*

Illustrated by Kimble P. Mead





GLAD TO BE GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY  
TO CREATE SPACE IN YOUR MAG -  
YOU ASSHOLES! SIT UP! SHUT UP!  
NO, YOU CAN'T GO TO THE BATHROOM!  
PUT THAT OUT, YOU BUNCH OF TUBES!  
GEDDIT, ASSHOLES?!

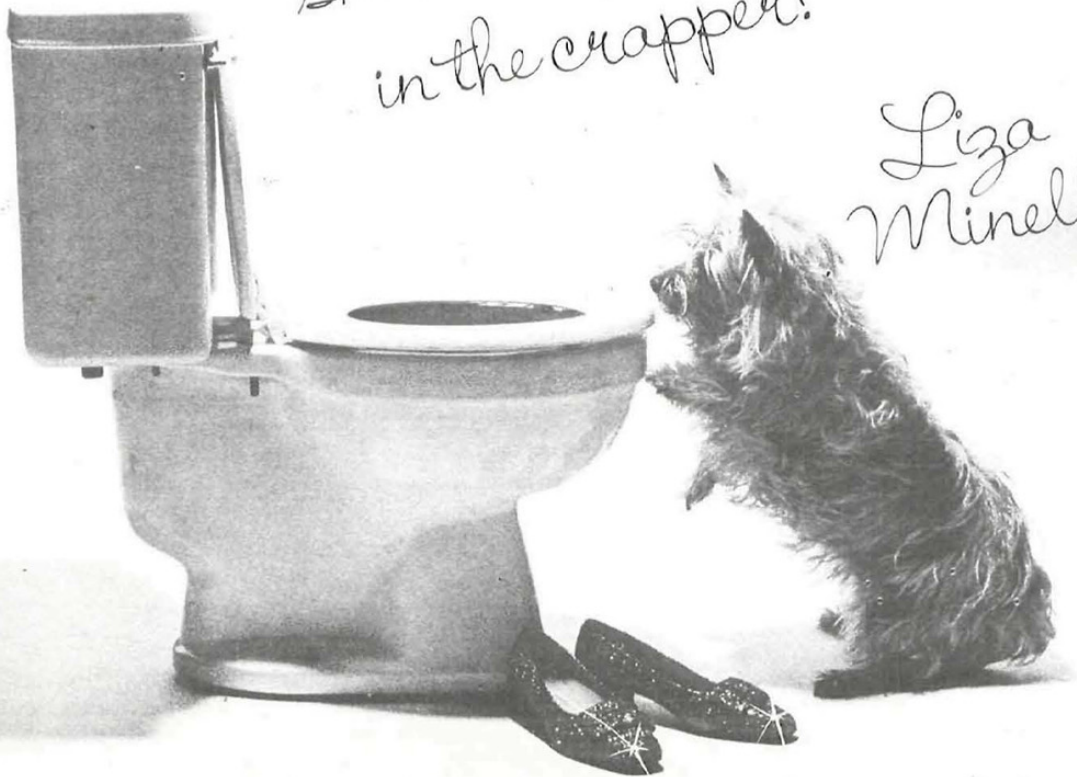
*Warner  
no, really (asshole.)*



Happy Fiftieth Anniversary  
-George Bernard Shaw  
1856-1951

*My mommy woulda  
LOVED you if  
she hadn't O.D.ed  
in the crapper!*

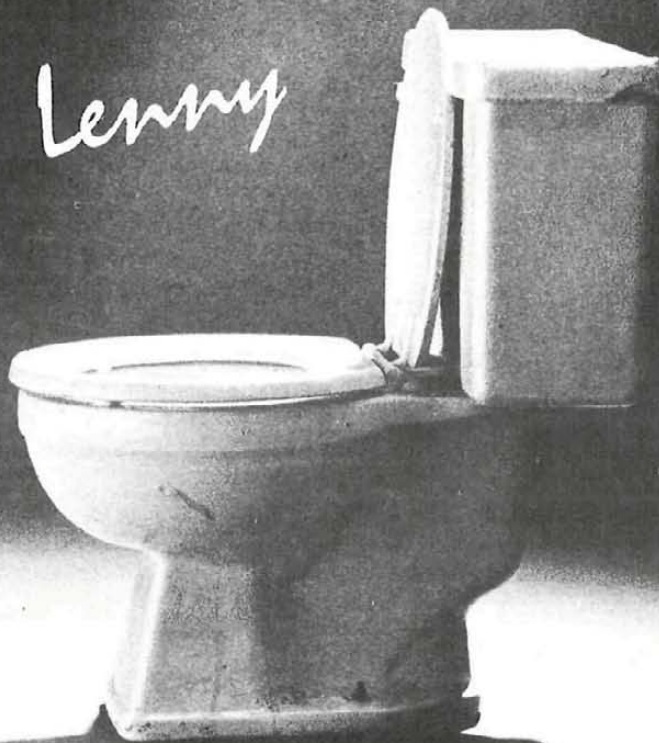
*Liza  
Minelli*





I woulda LOVED you  
if I hadn't O.D.ed  
in the crapper!

Lenny





**R**egular readers of this journal are aware that we have spared no effort to bring you the very best in quality pornography every month. Not for us the underexposed photograph of an aging Mexican starlet strapped to the underside of a swayback burro. We have always felt that a piece does not necessarily have to get you hot in order to merit the classification of pornography. Plain old disgusting is good enough for us. It is in that spirit that we present to you a tale from the pen of the salacious Akbar del Piombo.

The translator is that tireless toiler in the vineyards of filth, Norman Rubington.

And remember...

**If you  
don't stop  
reading  
this, you'll  
go blind.**











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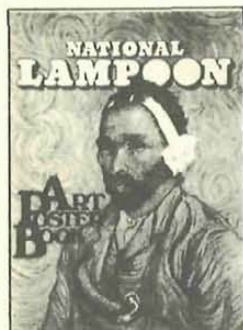
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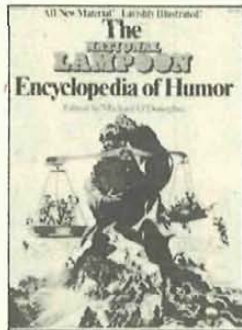
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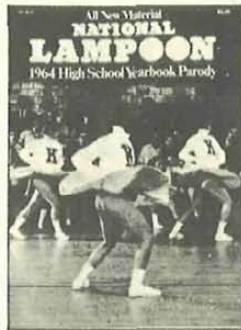
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 New York City residents add 8% tax.

I have enclosed a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 (New York City and New York State residents, please add applicable sales taxes.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

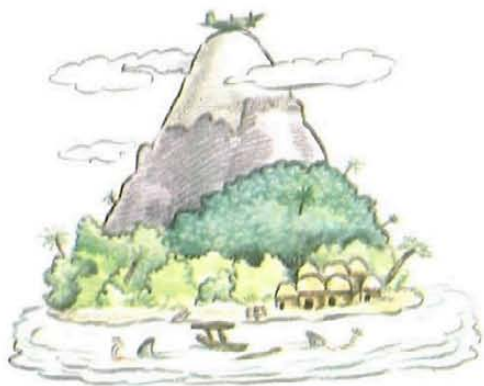
(Please be sure that your zip code is correct.)



# The Story of Douglas Aircraft

1

On the top of a hill on a tropical island in the South Seas, there was a statue of an airplane, all made of twigs and leaves.



2



Every day, Douglas Aircraft flew back and forth over the South Seas. With a blue sky around him and blue water below him, he flew over that little green island. But he was always too busy to notice things like the sky or the water or the island. He had work to do.

3

When there was a war, Douglas carried necessary things and important people to and from the battles. It was hard work, and dangerous, but Douglas always did his job, and he never expected any thanks.



4

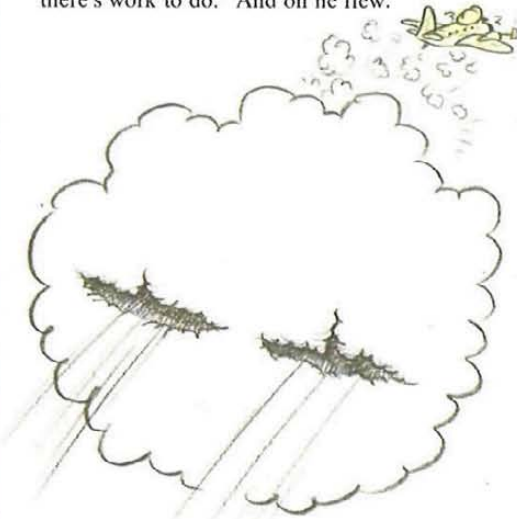
He had one flying buddy, whose name was Curtis. Curtis was a melancholy twin-engine bomber with creaky landing gear. "I'm tired," Curtis was always saying. "What's it all about, anyway? I mean, who cares?"



"Do your job, and don't ask questions. Business is business. I always say," was what Douglas always said.

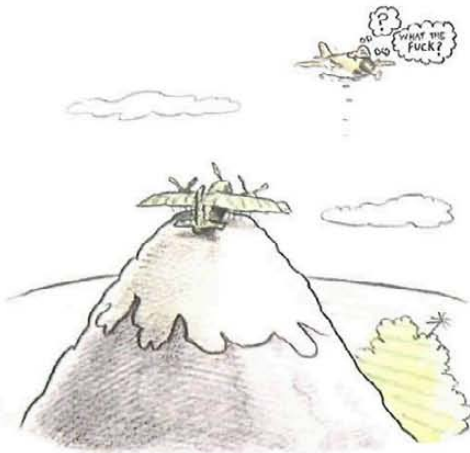


One day, during a very important mission, Douglas and Curtis flew together into a big white cloud, but only Douglas came out. "Tough luck, Curtis," thought Douglas, "but that's the way it goes. Good-bye, old pal, there's work to do." And on he flew.



After the war was over, Douglas went right on working hard. He got a job as a cargo plane, flying poppies to and money fro, across those same South Seas.

One morning, Douglas happened to look down, and he saw that the natives on one of the islands below had built what he was sure was an airplane statue in honor of him. "Isn't that nice!" he thought. "They have seen how hard I work, and they appreciate it! I will give them a real treat, and fly down close."



"They love me!" thought Douglas. "Some-day I must find time to visit them on their island. But not right now, because there is still a lot of important work to be done."



And there was, indeed, work to do, because soon there was another war. Douglas was busy carrying bandages and bullets and chocolate bars and officers and high explosives and famous comedians to and from the battlefield. It was just like the good old days.



All through this new war, Douglas worked hard every day, although it wasn't easy, considering the monsoons and the typhoons.

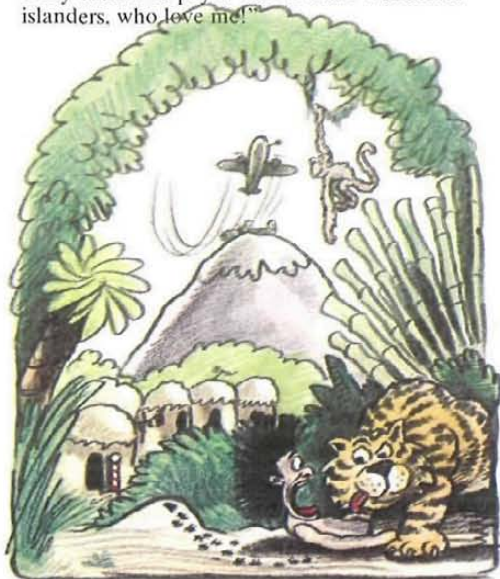
But now, whenever he flew over that special island where his statue was, he would look down and promise himself a holiday, just as soon as he was finished dodging rockets and not asking questions and doing his job.



Then, one day, as he was taking off from the battlefield, Douglas noticed that all of his passengers were generals and other brave leaders. So he knew that somebody had won the war, and that his job was over.

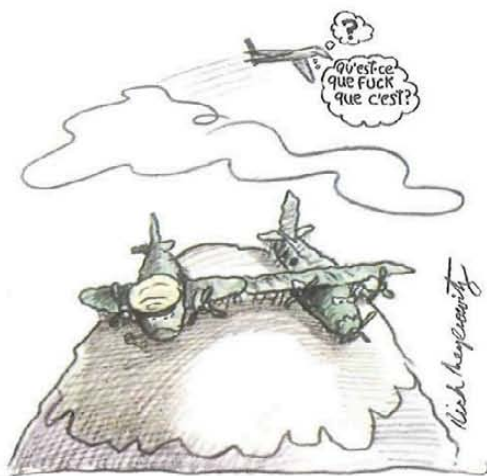


When the special island was below him, bright green in the sunshine, he thought, "This is my chance to pay a visit to those wonderful islanders, who love me!"



As he came in for a landing, the excited natives rushed out to greet him, with their arms full of fruits and flowers. Even Douglas's very important passengers seemed excited at this turn of events. "Perhaps there will be a feast!" thought Douglas.

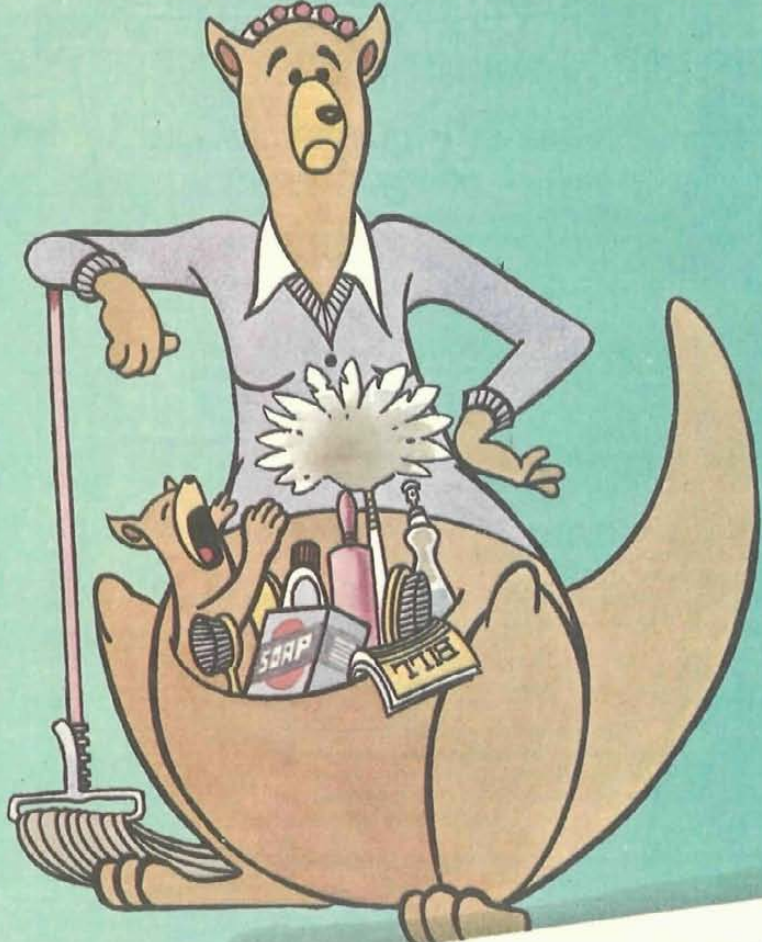
And there was.



On the top of a hill on a tropical island in the South Seas, there are *two* statues of airplanes, all made of twigs and leaves.



# C. Estes Kefauver High School Class of 1964 Twelve-Year Tenth Reunion



Kefauver High Reunion Co.  
**FIZZIFOOD INC.**  
FEDDEREKE BUILDING  
200 TRUMAN AVENUE  
DACRON, OHIO 43603

LARRY KROGER  
Single Valle  
Apt. 20111  
Dacron Dales,

C. ESTES KEFAUVER KANGAROOS TENTH REUNION

R.S.V.P. your check to "Fizzie" Fizzermen care of:

Fizzifood, Inc.  
Feddereke Bldg.  
200 Truman  
Dacron 43603

Dear **Larry Kroger**

STAND UP! SIT DOWN! SQUAT ON YOUR SEAT! LAY ON YOUR BACK AND WIGGLE YOUR FEET!  
HOP ON TWO! WHO ARE WE FOR? KAH-GA-BOO!!!

That's right, reunioners, it's that time of your life already --time for your Tenth Reunion. Whether you can come or won't, let's help out on keeping in touch. And so be to your questionnaire and any fun snapshots of your kids or things like that!

Wife's Name none  
Kids' Names and Ages don't have any  
College Went To Dacron Community  
Present and Other Jobs Career Counselor of Kefauver High.  
What interesting has happened to you? I would have been called a National Guardsman  
at Kent State but I had the flu  
Special Interests, Hobbies, & Enjoyments I am interested in Tropical Fish  
Creator Dacron Fish Breeders  
ass of Domestic Disorders





# CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '64



This Copy of the K.H.S. Special Reunion Yearbooklet  
 Presented to Farry Kroger  
 Reunion Committee  
 Suzi Fitzerman Lipbaum, Chairman  
 Patricia Albright Farley  
 Wendy Dempler Baxter  
 Ursula Wattersky



**Awards**  
 MOST KIDS—Vince and Emily Lambretta  
 MOST MARRIAGES—Faun Rosenberg  
 MOST MONEY—Herb Weisenheimer  
 MARRIED MOST MONEY—Tammy Croup Deidlemeyer  
 LEAST CHANGED—Larry Kroger  
 MOST DIFFERENT—Frank Furter  
 MOST BETTER—Ursula Wattersky  
 MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED EVENTUALLY—Chuck Farley  
 MOST BUSY—Suzi Fitzerman Lipbaum



**High School Romances that Turned into Marriage**  
 Wendy Dempler and Bob Baxter  
 Patty Albright and Chuck Farley  
 Emily Praeger and Vince Lambretta  
 Maria Spermatozoa and Dominic Broccoli

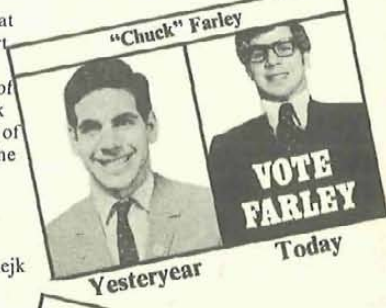


**High School Romances that Turned into Marriage for a While**  
 Faun Rosenberg and Forrest Swisher

**In Memoriam**  
 Howard Lewis Havermeyer

**Maybe In Memoriam**  
 Bob Baxter

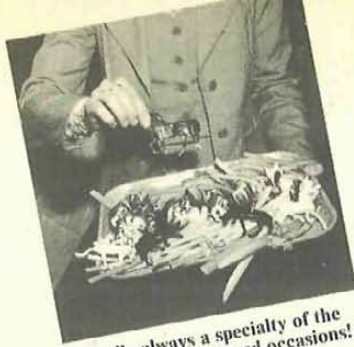
A Letter From Our 1964 A.F.S. Student, "Alphabits" Oñaejk  
 Dear Kangaroo School Students and All of Americas Again,  
 So much changed on my country here since I backward came that you would hardly know about it. Now do all people own each Gurt instead of just own one. Also is there great good farming with the land mine seeds which grow to big Boom noises and falling down of legs and feet from running dog pig people who used to live in Leek Palace. Plop! Plop! Plop! All say swell fun. And is the six factories of cement flour. A gifts of our yellow red friendly pals. Not making the goodbread, however.  
 I am boughtfor now! Two rifles! Now must go for time to yak chatter with much mouth-moving yellow red buddy fellows then maybe Boom!—Plop!—Plop!—Plop! better favorite.  
 Bye, bye, bye, Ddß Oñaejk





# OUR REUNION

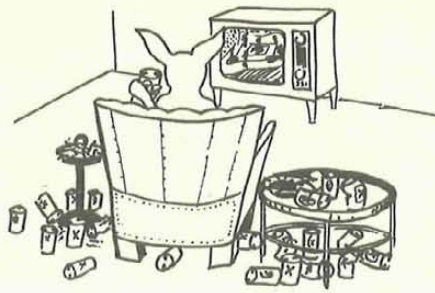
Cocky-Locky Motor Hotel  
Chanticleer Room, June 5, 1976



"Horse d'ouvres"—always a specialty of the house on Fizzifood, Inc., catered occasions!



"I've got a hunch he's Got the munchies!" quipped Carl Lepper about Bruno Grozniac shortly before unfortunate fracas.



Party's done and the fun's begun as the Lipbaums and Van Husens chose up locations for a "couple" of quiet suburban get-togethers.



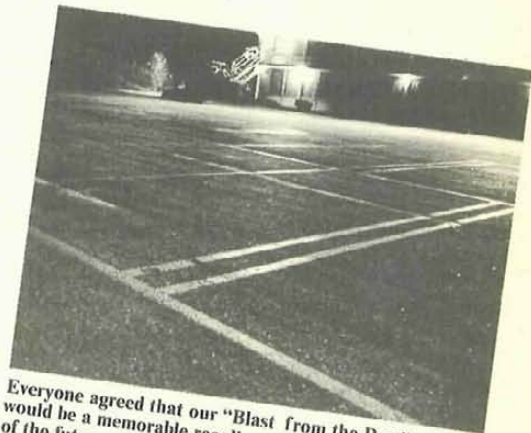
Woolworth and Snooky Van Husen, Madison Jones, Naomi Winkler, Morey and Fizzie Lipbaum, Dr. Cornholt, Fann Rosenberg, Bruno Grozniac, Emily Lambretta, Angelina Staccato, Wendy Baxter, Gilbert Scrabbler (left to right), and camera shy Purdy Spackle, who had to leave immediately to see about something in the parking lot, thought that a good time is about to be had by all.



Nostalg-ick visitor made an unwelcome reunion with our punch bowl. Fizzifood, Inc., however, provided refills for all and a Glad Bag to prevent dampening of festivities. Mad vandalizer mystery remains unsolved after all these years as Dr. Cornholt looks on.



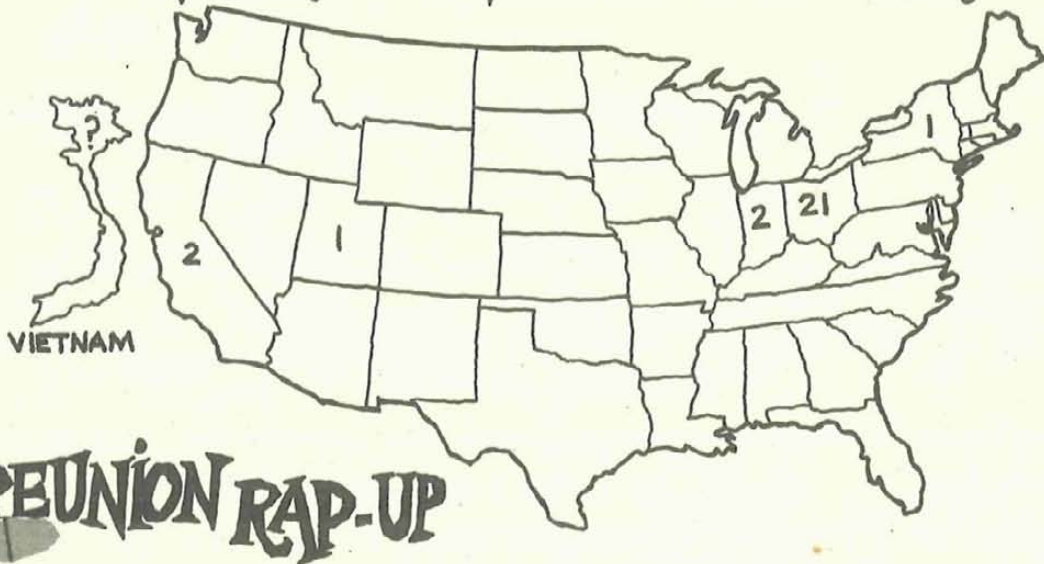
Whoops! Legal misunderstanding between grads Grozniac and Lepper led to attempted hasty good-byes by Bruno and a "frisky" surprise for all Reunion Rompers—and we thought Carl (far right) was a hippie!



Everyone agreed that our "Blast from the Past" would be a memorable recollection of the future even though departure was marred by a sudden wave of all our cars being stolen except for those of Purdy Spackle and Dom Broccoli, who got to leave early.



# WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?



## REUNION RAP-UP

Well, a lot of us Kangaroos have hopped over a lot of dams and bridgeclubs since I last wrote to us all in the K.H.S. Class of '64! It hardly seems like our tenth reunion is already past us, even though it's actually been twelve years since our graduation, *and*, if you can believe it, I am writing this with the same Sheaffer refillable cartridge pen with the see-through middle and little squeezable refills that a certain Herb "Wing-Ding" Weisenheimer, '64, used to squeeze the ink out of all over on everything when other people were trying to work.

The last time I wrote you all, you all may remember, I was writing you about your *pep clubs dues*, which some people have not yet paid. I regret to remind all those that I failed to remind at last month's Tenth Reunion that these dues are *still owed* for the 300 pounds of rained-on crepe paper which was accidentally delivered for our 1964 Post-Graduation Senior Tea Brunch which, as those of you who attempted to attend will remember, was rained on.

*Everyone please "cough up!"* The Tenth Reunion Committee *still* owes, in addition, for extra janitorial services following the Saturday dinner-dance and disturbance at Moody Memorial Gymnasium. (I will be sending "follow-up" letters to each of you to remind you of the fun we had last month, and *your* share of the deficit—\$17.50 per Kangaroo, or somebody's going to be hopping mad!)

I hate to single out "deadbeats" such as Larry Kroger, '64, and others, particularly at this time when we should be finding fun, not fault, in our classmates.

Fun *was* found, however, at our gala Tenth Reunion held this year because of flood or high winds the previous two years, and *this* pen says not the *least* fun of our Kangaromp was the fact that *this* year it didn't rain for twelve days or tornado, being too cold.

We certainly were all cheered to see each other of us that returned to K.H.S. and talk about those who didn't and wonder why, except for Howard Lewis Havermeier (1946-1963) who is still no longer with us, of course.

The fun-packed weekend kanga-rolled to a start with an address by Principal Humphrey J. Cornholt in the new Kefauver Memorial Gym Lounge. Dr. Cornholt's speech, entitled "Welcome Back to Our New Gym Lounge," welcomed everyone who attended to the new gym lounge area, and said he was glad to see everyone again even if he didn't remember everyone's name anymore, including Larry Kroger's, whose office is right next door to the Principal's Office and directly across from Detention Hall, where Larry and others spent so many memorable hot spring afternoons with the windows stuck closed.

"Hopped up" on enthusiasm for Dr. Cornholt's plan to expand the Boys' Room facility, Kanga-returnees Suzie "Fizzie" Fitzerman Lipbaum and her attractive husband Morey Lipbaum assisted as Dr. Cornholt symbolically laid the first brick of the new hygiene complex.

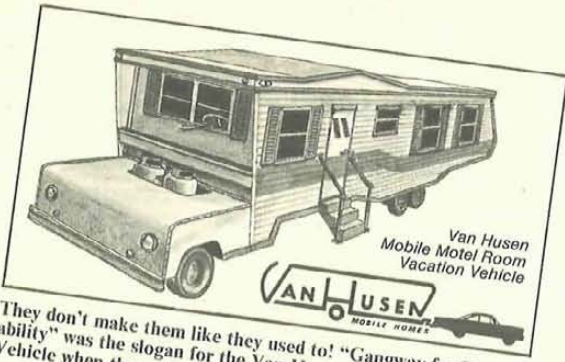
Afterward, everyone gathered around the decorated card tables for pigs-in-blankets, "spiked" cranberry ade, and other delicious treats catered by Fizzifood (BRidgewater 7-6788) for a lot less than you'd think. As we waited for the cups to arrive, we learned from Woolworth Van Husen III's lovely blond-streaked wife, Snooky, that their stay in the Dominican Republic with Woolworth's father during that awful Trailer Bowl Scandal mix-up was "loads of laughs" and that everyone they met had bathrooms.

Driving to find someplace open with cups, Woolworth and Snooky further reported that the *Van Husen Recreation Vehicle Co.* was still very excited about its new line of self-propelled trailers and the prospect of full employment in the greater Dacron area, pending a favorable ruling on its appeal from the Federal Department of Transportation, or the Environmental Protection Agency, or the State Bureau of Motor Vehicle Safety. Snooky reports that Kangaroos Chuck Farley and "Pinky" A. Oobvright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc. in one of the new Van Husen



# KANGAROO VIEWS

Personal pics of our Fellow (and Gal) Kefauverites



They don't make them like they used to! "Gangway for Road-, Reli-, and Afford-ability" was the slogan for the Van Husen Mobile Motel Room Recreation Vehicle when they used to make them.



New faces of '76 at dear old Kefauver High present Kanga-Kareer Kounselor Larry Kroger with colorful challenges aplenty in job and life placement.



**AMANDA PEPPER in Plumber's Little Helper**

Soon to be heard of actress Amana Peppridge sends us a sneak peek of her forthcoming full-length major feature motion picture. Debuting soon at the arcade in the Bus Building.



"Come on down to Psychopath Chey and see me commit MASS MURDER ON PRICES!!!" hollers Hollering Herb Weisenheimer in this "still" from his constantly-seen television commercial.



"Ring... ring... A-bomb calling!" is how you feel when Ursula Wattersky's *Corn-gate Bell Phon-o-Newspaper* gets on your line at any time of night or day.



Who's that with Fizzie Lipbaum? Why, it's our old Girls Athletics Person, Ms. Armbruster, announcing the foundation of the WOIO Radio Rape-Line, where women involved in a rape-in-progress can call toll-free for advice and consoling!



A perky portrait of one of Vince and Emily Lambretta's tousel-headed sons, either Michael, eight, or Christopher, four, says proud mom.



Fizzie's dimply dumpling daughter Dawn, five, cutely helped us help ourselves to anything you could eat at reunion festivities.



Tomorrow's hall monitor today—that's Carl Lepper's chip off the old blockhead, Carl Jr., five. Junior is a Buck Colonel in the McKinley Grade School Kinder Guard.



campers during the height of "Trailer Bowl" inquiries, and that the test prototype vacation vehicle worked so well in the Dominican Republic, it stayed there even after everybody could come back.

Coming back to the Kefauver High lounge with the cups, we were greeted by the K.H.S. superintendent Mr. Stanislaus Dupa, who unlocked the door and said that everyone had left in anticipation of Saturday's events.

The next day, while the lady Kangarettes enjoyed a performance of *Finian's Rainbow* at the Dacron Community Theater followed by a lecture on assistant directing by graduate Forrest Lawford Swisher, the menfolk met at the Cocky-Locky Chanticleer Room for a smoker and hijinx. A little Kangaroo told me that *much* of the hilarity was furnished by Herb Weisenheimer, who did an imitation of himself doing his auto dealership local T.V. commercial that all of us see on late nite television, only this time with more sophisticated jokes.

At the gala "Corn Ball" held that evening at the K.H.S. Moody Memorial Gymnasium, the first fox-trot of the evening was led off by Chuck Farley and Woolworth's lovely blond-streaked wife Snooky, who planned the theme of the dance with Pinky, despite many other suggested alternatives. (Chuck's face was a common appearance on Dacron telephone poles last November during his recent unsuccessful bid for block association president, and it continued to smile throughout the evening.)

After a scrumptious Fizzifood dinner in the gym lounge, over which Frank Furter said grace just like the American Indians did with Faun Rosenberg, local Dacron artist-in-residential-district, playing the part of the Great Spirit in a beautiful, feathered creation of her own creation, we all bounced back into the gym for further fun.

As K.H.S. music instructor Mr. Dwight Mannsburden and Naomi "Eggy" Eggenschwiler led off the high-hopping with a jazzy Charleston, returning Kangaroos Vincent and Emily "Preggers" Lambretta showed pictures of their six lovely children to hardlycapped Ursula "Wobbles" Wattersky, who in turn showed them to her escort Rufus Leaking, explaining each photograph clearly and distinctly.

After Ursula suggested exchanging dance partners and the Lambrettas realized the sitter was waiting, Kangaroos throughout the gym were surprised by a special Peace Dance to Kahoutek performed by Frank Furter in the middle of the floor, even after the band, Rudy Noonan and the Golden Oldsters, stopped playing. During the intermission, little gatherings of old friends exchanged gossip and news. A popular topic of conversation was the new movie starring our own Amana "Fridge" Peppridge, now showing at Ray's Adult Bookmart in downtown Dacron. Amana says she plays a nurse, only the hospital is "less realistic" than the one on "Medical Center."

Over the years, many had lost touch with Belinda "Metal Mouth" Heinke (now Mrs. Hubert Howzenhower), but were gratified to learn that her years of burning the midnight oil paid off in a fine career at McKinley Elementary School, where she unfortunately was working late Saturday night grading her students' leaf and weed collections. Those who missed her all wish her a warm "hi!"

Everyone was also happy to see "Eggy" Eggenschwiler and listen to her fascinating stories of what they do to you if you join Reverend Moon. Those of us who bought her magazines will certainly be glad to read or borrow them soon. We were also certainly glad to see "Mr. Beep-Beep" still chugging along, despite the many informative bumper stickers and Oriental shapes painted on the hubcaps.

In addition, we hope to see "Mr. Beep-Beep" and the rest of our autos that were found missing from the parking lot later that evening. The thefts were discovered, as you may remember, by Carl "Fungus" Lepper, who was escorting Bruno Grozniac, following an alleged disturbance, into an unmarked police car which wasn't there. Fellow Joint Narcotics Strike Force officers luckily arriving on the scene to assist Carl with Bruno were unable to locate the missing cars, as you probably know if you were there, and neither could Dominic "Dom" Broccoli or Purdy "Psycho" Spackle, who were supposed to be parking them.

It has also yet to be explained why the only vehicle not stolen was Woolworth's customized Van Husen Mobile Motel, but as of this writing Detective McNab assures us that someone is working on it. Detective McNab also asked me to extend to us all his deepest concern for the loss of all our cars and don't call him anymore. He'll notify us, promises Detective McNab.

Well, while most of us Kangaroos filled out police forms and waited for busses in front of the closed school building that memorably nippy night, *some* of us were invited to share Woolworth and Snooky's spacious camper with Chuck and Pinky after a quick nightcap at *Anybody's*, a very convivial gathering place for couples only, located opposite the Cocky-Locky Motel, where they refused room service the next morning to people without luggage.

Sunday morning was even more event-filled for those of us who had transportation to the final dinner-brunch held back at Moody Memorial Gym. (Yours truly still feels simply *crushed* about arriving too late to oversee the broiling of the breakfast fritters, but the poor turnout, including Madison "Zippy" Jones and the same government person who came back later and cut the picture of Gilbert "Univac" Scrabbler out of every single Reunion Ten Year Book at the Kwik-Print, meant tasty, unburnt fritters for all who wanted them?)

So it was that had anyone been there besides me, my husband Morey Lipbaum, Madison (who says "hi!"), and the help, we all might have wished each other another fond kanga-round-of-applause for getting together again.

Good-bye for now, and C U kanga-really soon!

Busily,  
Suzie "Fizzie" Lipbaum

P.S. Don't forget your *dos*. (Dues.)



# LOWDOWNS AND UPDATES

## on our former friends

**Patricia Albright (Mrs. Farley)**  
1173 Woodgrain Dr.

Dacronview Hills, Ohio  
Then "Pinky" was a cheerleader and full of vitality, with plenty of dates on nonschool nights for K.H.S. Kanga-Kouncil Prez Chuck Farley, her future lifelong love so far.  
And Now Patty attended Ohio State and pledged Tri-Delt. She taught preschool for six weeks before marrying Chuck, and her main interests are her husband's political career and their son's, Chuck U., Jr., three. Chuck and Pat also enjoy intimately friendly suburban get-togethers with a group of very close friends who are other couples.

**Robert Baxter**

c/o Department of Defense  
Then "Flinch" was square-cut and a clean shooter. We elected him Sr. Class Pres., Capt. of the Football Team, Capt. of the Basketball Team, and Second Alternate West Point Designate—a regular B.Y.O.S.G. (Big Youth on School Grounds).  
And Now Bob attended the University of Toledo, where he majored in R.O.T.C. Arts. After graduation, he married teen-hood sweetheart "Winky" Dempler and went to work as a Second Lieut. in the U.S. Army 180th Groundborn Division in Vietnam, where he was in charge of a Fragmentation Grenade Assault Prevention Squad. Bob was MIA'd in 1969. He and Winky have a daughter Kimberly, seven, and his main interests are in being found.

**Dominic Broccoli**

978½ Taft  
Dacron, Ohio  
Then "Dom" was a great kiddo who frequently attended Kefauver High. His pride and joy was customizing borrowed cars. Though not involved in organized athletics, Dom showed his school spirit to visitors' students after the game in the parking lot.  
And Now Dominic was a member of the U.S. Armed Forces for several months and is now an Assistant Chrome Trim Installer at Van Husen Trailer while also being part-time owner of Dee & Pee Auto Re-Paint and -Pair with school chum Purdy Spackle. Dom is married to the former Maria Spermatozoa and they have four children—Tony, eleven; Toni, nine; Antonio, seven; and Antoinette, five.

**Tammy Croup (Mrs. Deidlemeyer)**

28 Lawn Grove Ct.  
Country Club Hills, Ind.  
Then "Twinky" was a cheerleader, full of vim, who dated aplenty and had a regular social whirl plus talent galore which we rewarded with electing her Sr. Class Vice-Pres.  
And Now Tammy attended O.U. where she pledged Tri-Phi and met

her husband of the future, Matt, who has been very successful as the son of Indianapolis's largest pavement contractor. Tammy and her husband enjoy wintering in the Caribbean, Christmasing at Vail, Eastering in Europe, dances, balls, and brunches at the Hunt Club, and lavish dinner parties at home.

**Penelope Cuntz (Mrs. ?)**

Then "Penelope" was on the quiet and shy side but with a good listen for everybody.  
And Now She wasn't heard from.

**Wendy Dempler (Mrs. Baxter)**

23B Townhouse Apartments  
15 Parkfree Circle  
Dacron Glens, Ohio  
Then "Winky" was a cheerleader, full of vip, with gobs of dating Sr. Class Prexy Bob "Flinch" Baxter.  
And Now Wendy attended the U. of Toledo and pledged Double-Gamma. Bob and she were married in 1968. He is a prominent MIA in Vietnam and they have a seven-year-old daughter. Wendy enjoys working part-time at Simpki's Jewelers and is interested in all of us remembering the unfound servicemen and how their wives don't get insurance because they're not proved dead.

**Naomi Eggenschwiler (Ms. Winkler)**

c/o Reverend Sun Myung Moon Unification Church  
Tarrytown, New York  
Then "Eggy" was a fun kid, full of laughs and giggles and snickers and grins and titters and giggles and smiles. She won the Ohio State Crisco Fry-Off in '63 and was the life of every pajama party.  
And Now Naomi attended the Katherine Giblet School of Executive Assistance where she met her future ex-husband Steve. Naomi worked as a secretary at Van Husen Trailer for five years until she quit to become a Typing Minister in the Unification Church. She enjoys convincing everybody about the Rev. Moon.

**Charles Farley**

1173 Woodgrain Dr.  
Dacronview Hills, Ohio  
Then "Chuck U." was Kanga-Kouncil President, a three letter man, Dacron Area Student Council Representative, and a real go-gotter in general with a big interest in politics.  
And Now Chuck attended the U. of Cincinnati, where he majored in Local Political Science. He's married to "Pinky" Albright and has an honorable discharge from the Ohio National Coast Guard, where he rose to rank of Lakeman Second Class. Chuck's interest in politics has avidly continued. He has been a nearly winning candidate for the State Senate and House of Representatives, Dacron City Council, Silage County Water Commission, Dacronview

Hills Zoning Board, and Woodgrain Drive Block Council. He also sells insurance. Home: 555-6152. Office: 555-6500. Chuck and Patty enjoy weekly couples get-togethers at night at their's or other couples' homes.

**Suzi Fitzerman (Mrs. Lipbaum)**

376 Butcherblock Lane  
Dacron Dells, Ohio  
Then "Fizzie" was Sr. Class Secretary, Class Mascot, a Kangarette, a Kangaroo, a Kangarooerette, a Boosteroo, a Helperette, a Hopperette, and voted Most Likely to Succeed for a girl.

And Now Suzi is President of Fizzifood, Inc., a cyber catering company which caters gatherings like this at places like these with the assistance of a husband who is Assistant to the President. Suzi has 2.3 children—Dawn, five; Jason, two and a half; and Jennifer or Joshua in about seven months. Despite her busy kids and business, she's active in the Dacron Sophomore Chamber of Commerce, the Clean Library League, the Democratic Women for Republican Candidates Club, Mothers of Children, Temple Beth Halavah, Dacron Planned Childhood Association, the Red Feather, Red Cross, Red Buckeye, and Red Blanket Drives, and the Dacron Chapter of the National Organization of Women People lady's rights group of which she is cochairman with our previous old gym teacher Marilyn "Ms." Armbruster. Suzi enjoys having her husband do the housework and watch the kids during the day.

**Frank Furter**

Sausalito, California  
Then "Gopher" played an important part with all athletic squads, especially when they needed ace bandages or left their towels all over the locker room. He was Girl's Volleyball mascot his Jr. year.  
And Now Frank is married to his wife who thinks she might be a witch. He runs his own Earth Shoe repair shop in Mill Valley, California. They have a son, Mantra Edward, two (Pisces with Sagittarius rising) and live on a tentboat in Sausalito. Frank and Laura are interested in inner-ecology, back-sacking, the I-Ching, and Yogurt. She is practicing to be a midocousin, and they enjoy traveling by astral projection and getting their heads together.

**Bruno Grozniac**  
#278651238171  
Silage County Correctional Institute  
R.F.D. 6, Silage Mills, Ohio  
Then "Lurch" was a big athlete at K.H.S., whose rough and tumbled mode of play was an inspiration to everybody on his side.  
And Now After graduating, Bruno volunteered for service in the Green

Berets, who all went to the beginning of Vietnam. While overseas, he began a prosperous importing business which he continued to do when he returned home and which he recently retired from to devote his time to the law.

**Belinda Heinke (Mrs. Howzenhower)**

2344 Ranchwagon  
Dacron Dales, Ohio  
Then "Metal-Mouth" was a Kanga-Whiz-a-Roo kid with a 100 average, the Valedictorianship of the class, and a Presidency of Homework Club.

And Now Belinda attended U.C.L.A. where she majored in Quantum Cybernetics, graduated Summa Cum Laude, and won an Einstein Fellowship to the Mass. Institute of Technology, where she received dual Ph.D.s in Chemical Archetectronics and Electro-Molecularity, and afterward did postdoctoral work at Heidelberg in Germany. She teaches second grade.

**Madison Avenue Jones**

1749 Jermain Dr.  
Dacron, Ohio  
Then "Zippy" came to K.H.S. from his native Nashville Lincoln Roosevelt our senior year, but was well-tolerated by all, especially in basketball and track.

And Now Madison attended Harriet Tubman College and returned to become Dacron's third black optometrist after the war in Vietnam. He and his wife have three children—Martin Luther Kennedy Jones, five; Robert Kennedy King Jones, three; and Charleen Mrs. Roosevelt Jones, one. Madison is a member of the Friendly Order of Black Opossums (F.O.B.O.) and enjoys keeping his neighborhood nice.

**Larry Kroger**

201H Singles Valley Apartments  
Dacron Dales, Ohio  
Then "Larry" was active in Audio Visual Aids and played JV football his senior year. He was well-liked by all who remember him.

And Now Larry is back at good old K.H.S., where he teaches Living and Life and counsels careers. He was a weekend warrior in the Ohio National Guard and would have been called for duty at the Kent State tragedy except he was sick that weekend. Larry is interested in tropical fish and belongs to the Greater Dacron Fish Breeders Assoc. He is a member of the Veterans of Domestic Disorders and isn't married yet.

**Vince Lambretta**

Presidential Mobile Home Court  
Dacron, Ohio  
Then "French" was really popular with girls everywhere for his snappy car, sharp clothes, and long looks. He was great at doing dances and other



stuff fast and got went-steadied with more than any other guy in our class. **And Now** Vince is assistant co-manager at Jax Slax Shack's Campus Shoppe. He is still the husband of the former Emily May Praeger, who after graduation he became secretly married to during our senior year. They have six children so far. Vince is interested in working late.

#### Rufus Leaking

2615 Upton Ave.  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Spaz" was well known as a good sport for all. He was President of the Slow Learners' Council his Sr. year and received the Handicappers Club's Trainability Award.

**And Now** Rufus lives at home.

#### Carl Lepper

2311 Traylorgrove Rd.  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Fungus" was a four-year man in the Hall Monitors, a Lunch Room Tray Chaperone, Walk-Way Proctor, Captain of the Lavatory Patrol, and well-liked by all teachers.

**And Now** Carl was an Air Brig Guard and in the Military Sky Police of the U.S. Air Force. He attended the Dacron Police Academy for four years before joining the force as a Detective on the Teen Squad and then he suddenly "dropped out of it" to "get his head out of sight." Since then, he has worked as a hippie and is often seen everywhere young people hang out around Dacron where he is always interested in listening to what anyone has to say.

#### Francine Paluka

1450 Mill St.  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Half-Track" was K.H.S.'s top girl athlete and also top athlete, period. She was always a steady influence if anybody became rowdy and she had the respect of everyone including boys, who respected her too much to even talk to.

**And Now** Francine studied Practical and Very Practical Nursing at Our Lady of Affliction Hospital but quit to become a Lamaze birth counsellor at the Dacron Nearly-Free Women's Clinic which aids women with female trouble. She is active in the Red Tide Collective which split off from the National Organization of Women People and her friend, Ms. Ambruster.

#### Amana Peppridge

815 Tapioca Canyon  
Los Angeles, California

Then "Fridge" was very popular with college boys and probably would have been popular with boys from K.H.S. too, if she'd let them. She was Homecoming Queen, third runner-up in the Miss Teenage Dacron of America Pageant, and was already looking forward to her career in some movies.

**And Now** After school Amana went to near Hollywood, where she is an aspiring starlet model with credits already for several leading roles in very short films and glossy photos. Amana is interested in going places with her good friend Willy, who manages many other starlets or

models in Sunset Strip, Cal.

#### Emily Praeger (Mrs. Lambretta)

Presidential Mobile Home Court  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Preggers" was out sick a lot our senior year with tonsillitis. She said. She was felt sorry for by all.

**And Now** Emily is married to Vince Lambretta and devotes her time to their six children: Tammy, twelve; Mindy, ten; Michael, eight; Heather, six; Christopher, four; and Melanie, two and a half; who occupy all her enjoyment. She is interested in school starting again this fall.

#### Faun Rosenberg

602B Corngate Apartments  
4551 Central Avenue  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Weirdo" was the sensitive poetic type with an ear for folk music and an eye for paintings that didn't look like anything. She was co-editor of the *Leaf and Squib* and a member of Hootenanny Club, and C.O.R.E. when white persons still could be.

**And Now** Faun attended Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and afterward married Forrest Swisher outdoors at dawn in their bare feet. They are separated and so is her second husband. Faun runs the Kraft Kove at Corngate Shopping Plaza, where she mixes work with art in angora macramé, decopacollage, hand-thrown Indian jewelry, and African trade beaded sweaters. A one-person show of her paintings in watercolor on black velvet has been held at a Manufacturing Creditors Trust branch bank and she is a critic of the arts for the Dacron *Down-towner*.

#### Gilbert Scrabbler

Apt. 3401 Civilian Compound  
Armageddon Proving Grounds  
Ft. Ute, Utah

Then "Univac" was Class Salutatorian, Intramural Chess Champ, and winner of both the *Time Current Events Test* and an Honorable Mention at the State Science Fair. He had a "nose for knowledge" and was known to all as a "nerd in the know."

**And Now** Gil attended M.I.T. where he concentrated on Laser Gas Fission Delivery Systems and Neuro-Viral Malignancy Dissemination Logistics. Since 1972, he has been employed by the Defense Dept. as ~~responsible for~~ ~~W.W.III~~ or ~~in~~ places like the Middle East but ~~and~~ 2,800 seven-legged sheep that glowed in the dark. Nevertheless, ~~and~~ stopped the spreading ~~from a~~ in orbit.

#### Purdy Spackle

#40 Transient Rooms Hotel  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Psycho" was a newcomer to K.H.S. from Juvenile Work Farm High, but he gained the respect of everybody right away by his actions which spoke louder than words, especially to Zippy and Swish. Also, his skill with getting autos to start made him president of the Kar Klub. **And Now** Purdy co-runs the Dee & Pee Auto Re-Paint and -Pair business

with former class and cellmate Dom Broccoli. They specialize in repainting new cars and fixing title and registration difficulties for their many satisfied customers, including fellow ex-aroo Wing-Ding Weisenheimer's Chevy Dealership's Used Car Lot.

#### Maria Spermatozoa (Mrs. Broccoli)

978½ Taft

Dacron, Ohio

Then "Quickie" really got around. She was popular almost every night and loved to date with practically anybody on a moment's notice.

**And Now** Maria is all settled down with ex-date and present mate Dom Broccoli. She works part-time at the Paris France beauty shop, but is mostly just mother to four of the children she had.

#### Angelina Staccato

#40 Transient Rooms Hotel  
Dacron, Ohio

Then "Slice" wasn't a joiner, but she had a well-known personality and was respected a lot by the other girls, especially in the washroom.

**And Now** After graduation, Angelina received extensive training in a useful trade at the Dacron Women's Training Institute. She now has her own beauty parlor, the Paris France Beauty Salon, near the Greyhound Station in the Bus Building.

#### Forrest Swisher

281 Brownstone St.  
Older Town  
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Then "Swish" had interest in the arts to spare and wore sandals. He was co-editor of the *Leaf and Squib* and active in Sr. Thespians, Pouchinellos, Mask and Wig, Cloak and Quibblers, and JV Puff Ball.

**And Now** Forrest attended Antioch College where he majored in Theater Science and Liberal Acting Arts. He was shortly married to Faun Rosenberg after being rejected by the draft and is now the Assistant Director at The Little Dinner Theater in the Dell, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

#### Woolworth Van Husen

No. 3 Yachtway Drive  
Dacron Estates, Ohio

Then "Lunch Money" was a popular play-student at K.H.S. where he was Student Council Treasurer and smoked a pipe. He had a sports car. **And Now** Woolworth attended Parson College until it lost its accreditation, then met his present wife, "Snooky" Knickerson, whose father is in Atlanta finance. Snooky and Woolworth lived in Atlanta where Woolworth broked stock before returning to Dacron to be Vice-President for his dad. Woolworth was in charge of developing and marketing the innovative Mobile Motel Room Vacation Vehicle until it didn't sell. Now he is Vice-President in charge of assisting the Chairman of the Board. Woolworth is active in donating to political candidates with his father. He and Snooky belong to Dacron higher society, but their socializing still leaves room for them to be interested in getting to know the attractive new couples in town and having them over for quiet nights of

suburban get-together at home.

#### Ursula Wattersky

Dacron Tower Apartments  
5561 Central Ave.

Dacron Township, Ohio

Then "Wobbles" was "crippled but cute" with the best personality you ever saw and gobs of school enthusiasm. She was always a big help.

**And Now** Ursula attended Dacron Community College and then started her own business—a weekly telephone shoppers newspaper, *The Corngate Bell*, which comes to everybody on the west side free once a week when Ursula calls them up to tell them everything about recent cub scout activities, church socials, zoning board meeting schedules, and much more, plus, of course, many complete details on valuable bargains and special sales at the Pik 'n' Chooz and other fine shopping places unless you get your number unlisted.

#### Herb Weisenheimer

28 Yachtway Drive  
Dacron Estates, Ohio

Then "Wing-Ding" was a laugh and a half, always cracking up at teachers with jokes, gags, puns, tricks, wise remarks, insults, noises, strange smells, paper bags full of water, smart-aleck replies, and pointless stories that more than earned him his other nickname, "Motor Mouth."

**And Now** Herb has made really good as proprietor of "Hollering Herb's Psychopath Chevrolet" with its novel "padded showroom" indoor used car lot filled with "throat-slashing bargains" that have often been fixed up by old Kang Ko-Kut-Up Dom Broccoli and Purdy Spackle. Herb is married to the former Lulu Lampansky of the well-known Chanticleer Room's Floor Review. They have two sons—Herb Jr., four; and Herb III, two. We all see "Hollering Herb" all the time in his famous local television commercials every single night on the late movie, sometimes nine or twelve times an hour.



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in 15  
YEARS



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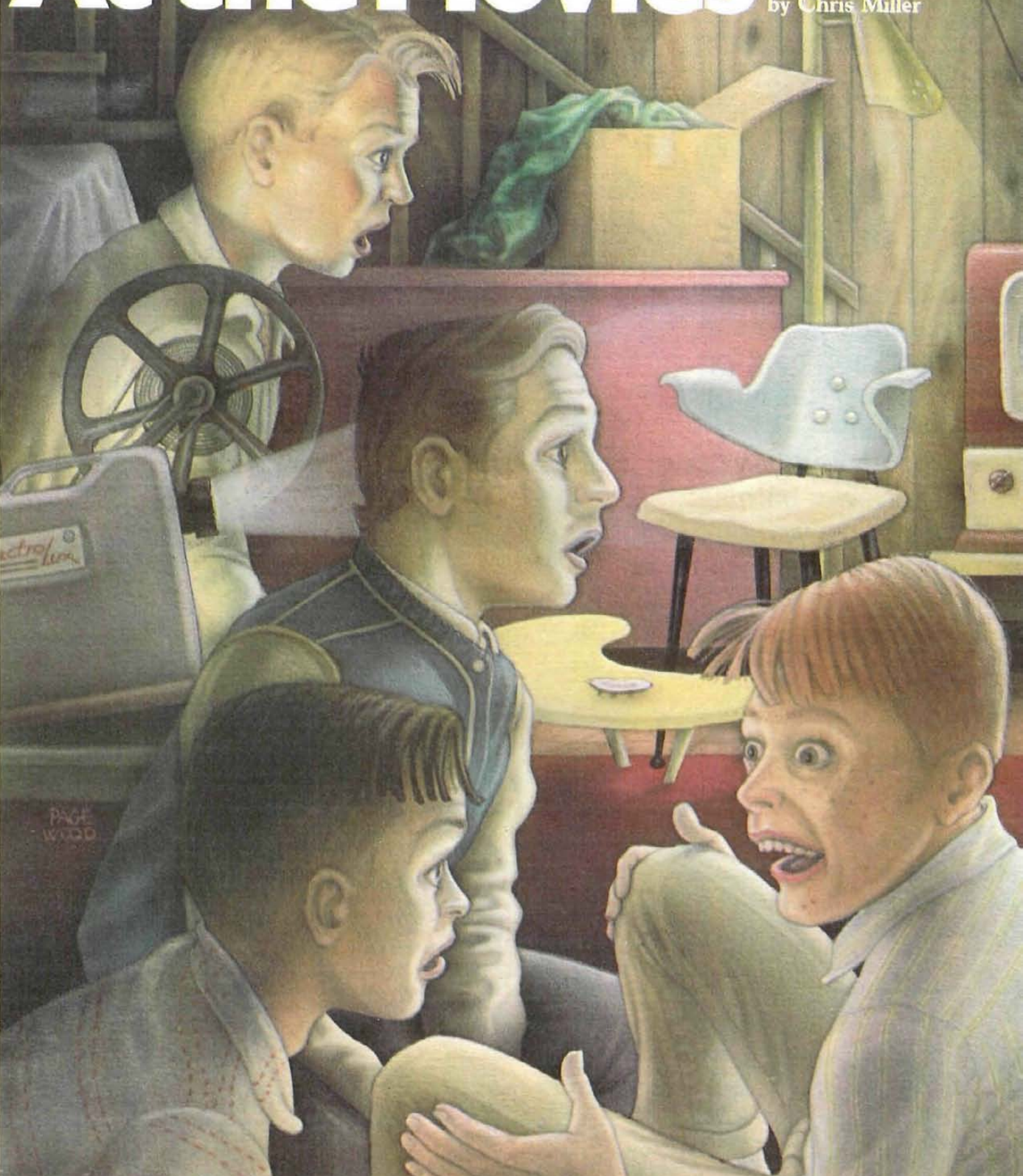
FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



Tales of Nozzlin High School

# At the Movies

by Chris Miller



etro lux

PAGE  
WOOD





Mr. Rock 'n' Roll still hadn't gotten laid. It was spring of his junior year and here is what Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had gotten: tongue, bare tit (maybe five times), sheathed woolly (once), hours of dry-humping. In addition to laid, what he had not gotten was: blown, his finger in, a hand job. And, unlike most of his friends, he simply could not come in his pants. Hence, blue balls (often). And though you could come the length of a football field when you finally beat off, it hurt like a bitch. In truth, all of the coming in Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's life so far had resulted from beating himself off, which he estimated he had done over eighteen hundred times so far in the '57-'58 school year alone. His horniness had reached such peaks of desperation it was dizzying.

Even the large, round holes of his forty-fives were reminding him of sex as he flipped through a pile of them one Saturday afternoon, idly memorizing flip sides. Robkin's call, when it came, nearly blew his brains out.

"Get over here right away, man. Stu

just found a bunch of dirty movies in his father's drawer. Froggie's bringing his projector. Hurry!"

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll roared down the stairs, unashamedly begged for the keys to the Edsel, and peeled out in the direction of Sylvan Estates. He'd never even imagined seeing real dirty movies. What an aid to future masturbations they would be! Up until now, he'd relied mainly on magazines named *Titter* and *Fondle* and *Beauty Parade*, with their women in underwear or falling over backwards, as if stumbling comically, so that their skirts went up to reveal their gartered thighs. True, Colin Avocado had once sold him a photo of an actual blow job, but it had turned out to be a blurry, home-developed snapshot of the back of a playing card; by holding it at arm's length and squinching your eyes nearly shut, you could almost make out the blow job. Then, too, there had been the little booklet that had made the rounds of the locker room last fall, a pornographic tale with photographs having nothing to do with the story.

The models had been a middle-aged woman with scars and two guys who looked like they'd staggered up to wipe the director's car windows on the Bowery and he'd hired them. Not good enough, Jim. Dirty movies were exactly what Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had been hoping and praying for. He screamed onto Forest Murmurs Lane and braked before Robkin's. The cars of Froggie and Stu crammed the driveway. Terrified lest he miss a single frame, he rushed up the walk and pounded on the door.

Margie answered, regarding him coolly. Margie was the Hellers's colored maid. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll never knew what to say to colored maids, and especially never knew what to say to Margie, who was young, lynx-eyed, and built like one of his underwear women. She also had the biggest, most impressive lips he'd ever seen.

"Uh, hi," he essayed.

"Robkin down the basemen''," Margie said neutrally, holding the door open for him. A vacuum went *urrrrrrr* behind her in the living room.

*continued on page 88*



# “Are there any Philistines here tonight?”

Bless you! Bless you very much! I love to hear those palms! Nay, but verily, it's tough being the son of God. When I was a kid, we were so poor I was born in a stable. Verily. We got care packages from the lepers. But it's like that in all small towns. I don't want to say unto you that Nazareth was small, but we had a sign on Main Street that said “Welcome to Nazareth” on both sides. Nay, but I am like unto a man who's got this basic problem. My mother was a virgin, my father was a dove. For years they called me the birdman of Nazareth. Joseph never got over it. Said virgin birth meant that was her version. Called it the immaculate misconception. But verily, folks, I want to talk to you tonight about my Father who art in heaven. For one thing, He's omnipotent. That means when He sits around the universe, He really sits around the universe. Also, he's crazy. For a long time, he thought he was a burning bush. We would have taken him to a shrink, but we needed the heat. If you're good all your life, you get to spend all eternity with Him. Second prize is two eternities.

Nay, nay, but verily I say unto you I would never quit show business. I love mankind too much. Take the meek. Please. Nay, but blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. They won't have the nerve to turn it down. Bless you. You've been a beautiful multitude, and I just want to leave you with one thought. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his marbles?

Bless you. Bless you very much. Verily.”



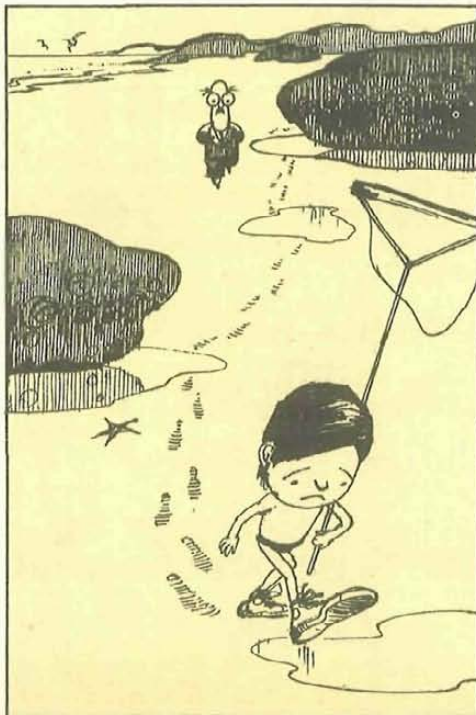


# The Further Adventures of Captain Bringdown

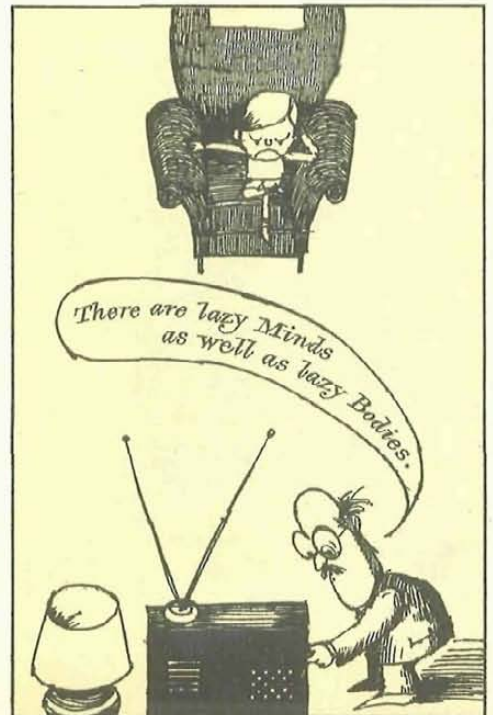
by Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly • drawings by Barrington

*(Captain Bringdown's dialogue, again courtesy of Benjamin Franklin)*

Remember Captain Bringdown? He wouldn't let you go swimming for two hours after a hot dog. When you went wading, he made you wear sneakers.



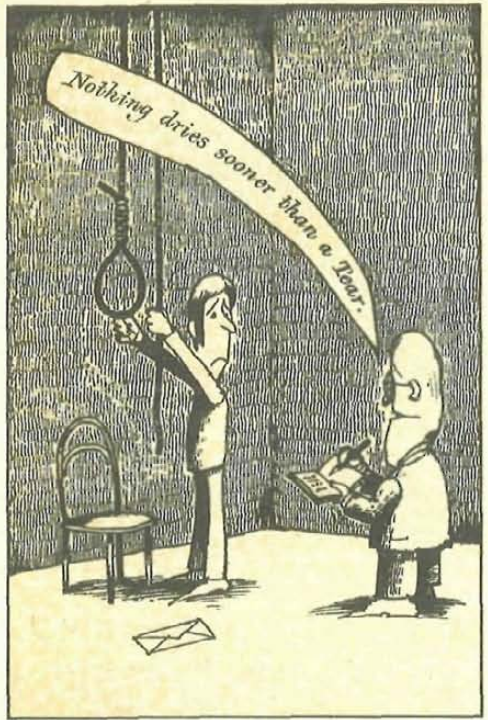
And Captain Bringdown was the one who made you watch educational television.





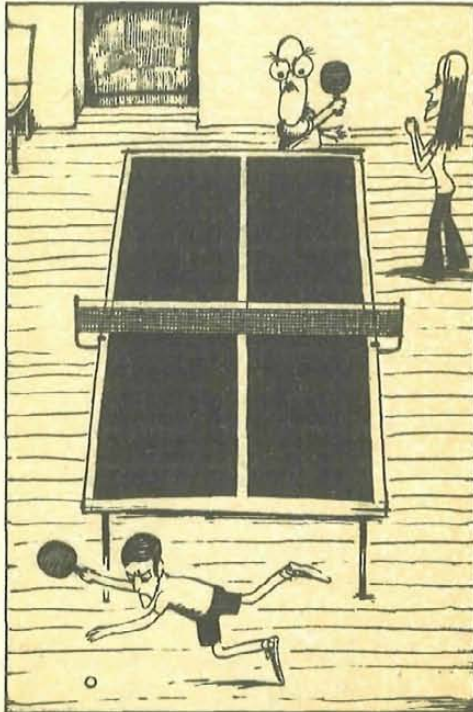


Captain Bringdown knew forty-seven different ways you can get piles.



Captain Bringdown hints that the girl you're going out with has a bad reputation. But when you break up with her, he is the first to ask you for her phone number.

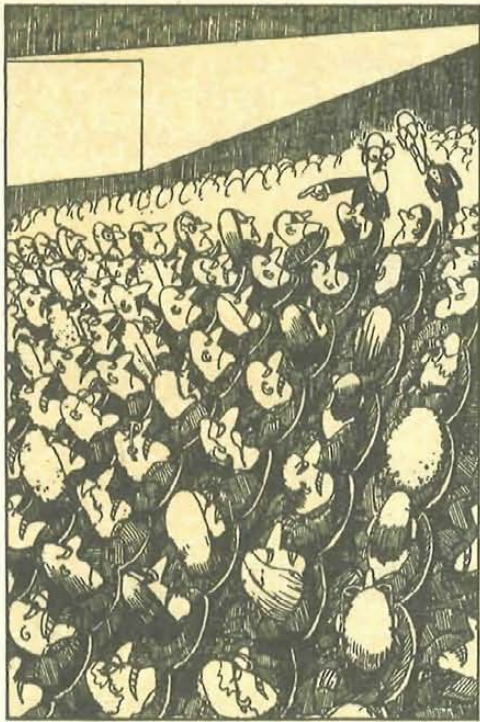
Now, Captain Bringdown beats you at Ping-Pong in front of your girl friend.



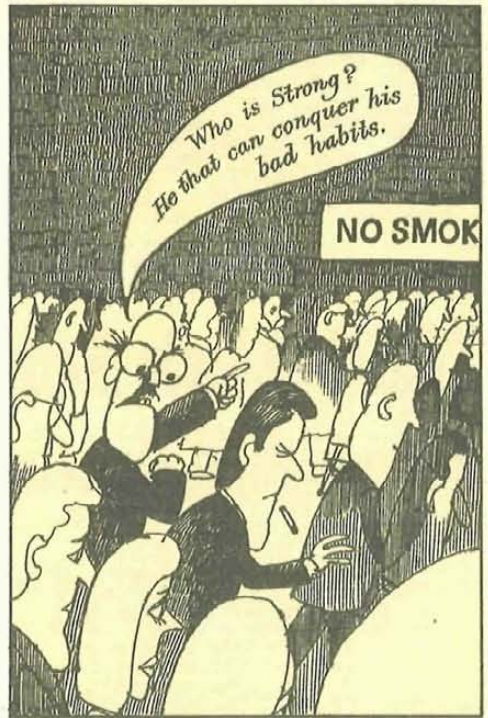
When Captain Bringdown finds out that your wife is pregnant, he'll wonder aloud how anyone could think of bringing more children into the world the way it is.





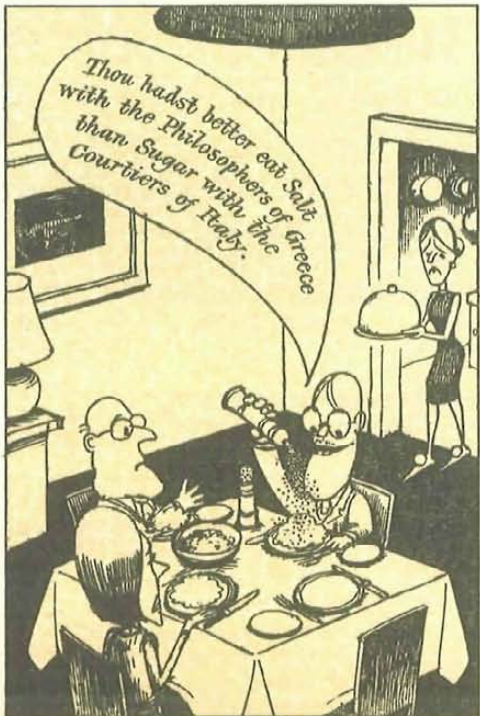


Captain Bringdown never stops talking at the movies, but calls an usher as soon as someone else rustles a candy wrapper. He always tells you how the movie ends.

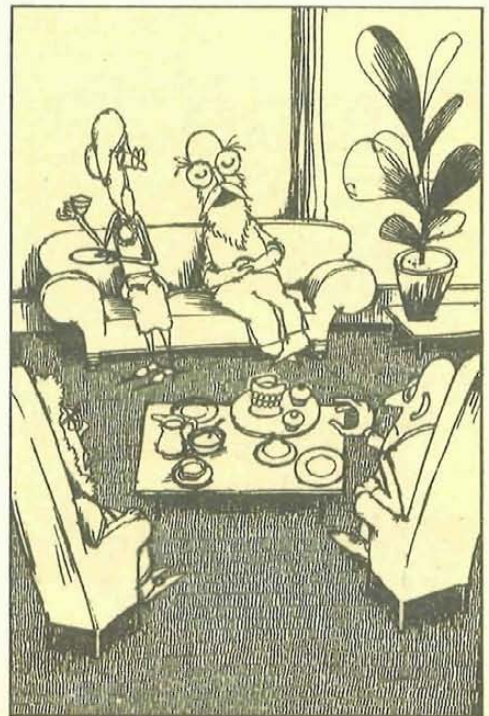


When you light up a cigarette on the way out of the theater, Captain Bringdown nudges you and points to the "No Smoking" sign.

Captain Bringdown always salts his food before tasting it.



And very soon, Captain Bringdown will leave his false teeth in the living room.





# Back by Demand

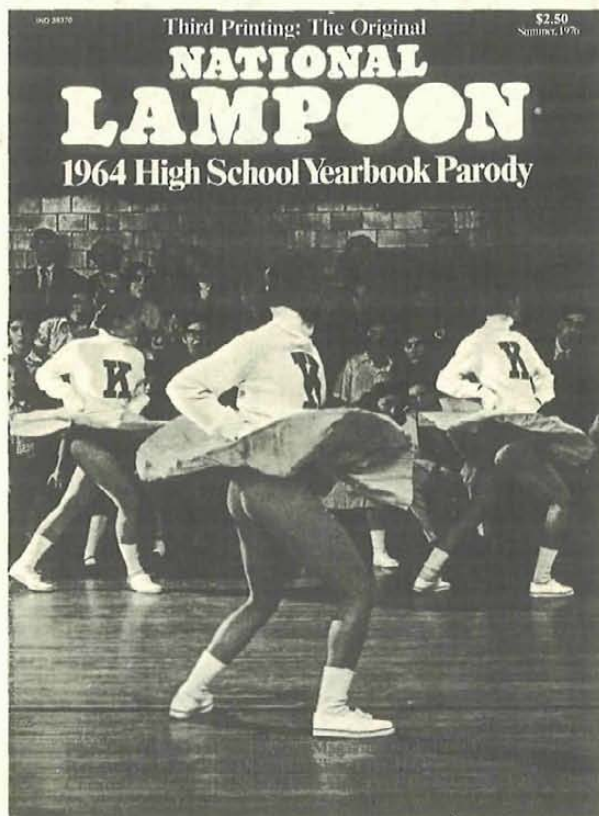
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# THE Canadian Weekly

**"YOU CAN TRUST US"—AN AMERICAN ECONOMIST SPEAKS OUT**

**ALSO:**

**Oscar Peterson, the early years (A history of the Negro in Canada)**

**C.M. "Bud" Drury—Canada's Nixon?**

**Archbishop Angelo Palmas—Canada's Pope?**

**The excitement of semipro curling**





# YOUNG, HIP, NOW, WITH IT, AND HAPPENS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE

More capital per capita

BY MIKE CROLL

**T**ed Mann leans across his desk and gives you a friendly handshake when you enter his office.

"Hi, how are you," he says, and I begin to see some of the bluff charm that made him one of the youngest of Canada's dozen millionaires. Five years ago, Ted Mann was just another young guy scrambling to make a buck. He ran the ICU Detective Agency, an evangelical religious organization, several record companies, and sold aluminum siding and guttering and rubber marital aids. But he didn't make it big until he started Eco-Development, Ltd., with a Canadian Development Corporation grant and began marketing a successful line of Teflon bulldozer tracks to corporations anxious not to tear up the tundra while developing Canada's priceless heritage of untapped natural resources.

"A lot of highly placed



**Mann and His World**—Canada's youngest millionaire proudly displays the Teflon bulldozer tracks that put him where he is today, in a great big office with bimbos and ass-kissers everywhere, just like in the U.S.A.

people, living and dead, people like St. Augustine, Plato, and John Stuart Mill, would consider what I'm doing reprehensible. But they don't understand how you have to move with the times." Canada's youngest millionaire smiles expansively and adds,

"Besides, if you spend a lot of time trying to separate spirit from body, you don't have much left over to devote to separating man from money. And half those guys were fags, anyway."

While we talk, Mann's office staff bustles in and out,

carrying wads of contracts, agreements, options, promissory notes, letters of credit, and drafts drawn on Rhodesian financial institutions. He handles business with an easy aplomb which amazes his assistants.

"First guy I ever hear use the word *codicil* in reference to a fish boat," sighs Hymie Douchebag, Mann's top aide. "His grasp of other people's money is absolutely amazing."

Asked about his plans for the future, Canada's youngest millionaire becomes slightly guarded. "I'm going to become Canada's youngest billionaire," he says, "and own more things per capita than any American." Pressed on how he intends to do this, he points to a picture of the president of the United States on his wall and shoves his fingers rapidly in and out of his mouth while making slobbering noises while he (continued on page 191)





*The After Dinner Mint of Kitimat announces a limited edition of an all-aluminum patriotic heirloom and decorative bank upon the occasion of Canada's having only ninety-three years to go before its Bicentennial.*

Are you interested in preserving your precious heritage and saving money, too? This carefully cast, all-aluminum, life-size replica of Castor Canadiensis, our nation's national rodent, was personally designed by an artist who once met Harold Towne. You and your children will cherish it always, as a knick-knack, con-

versation piece, doorstopper, and nest egg. This superbly crafted souvenir is impossible to break into. As a gift, it will encourage youngsters to save, and make it impossible for them to spend, inculcating early the proud economic tradition that has made Canada what it is, and was, and will be.

Please, sirs, if it's not too much trouble, send me an all-aluminum beaver bank. I enclose check or money order (no stamps, please!) for \$24.95 (\$25.00 American) or bill my Hudson's Bay Charge Card.

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Send to: The After Dinner Mint of Kitimat  
Toronto, Ont. A4H8Y3



# MASTER OF PLUCKS AND PUCKING

And on a musical note . . .

BY BOB STAHL



**M**illions know him only as a quick-reflexed man in a mask, thrilling hockey fans with his sprawling saves. But there's another side to shy, lanky goaltender

Barry McInhrnly. He wants to be a star.

Ever since he was a child in tiny Pressboard, Manitoba, Barry has wanted to sing. And now, if the word of a man he met in a bar on a road trip to



Chicago is anything to go by. Barry may have his chance. "He was an agent," says Barry. "And he liked me a lot."

Would he favor us with a song? Reluctant at first, the net-minding minstrel agreed at last, and, strumming his ever-present guitar, began:

*When you crossed the blue line of my life  
You speared me in the heart.*

He's good, we thought. Let's face it. He's darned good. Compared to him, Gordie Lightfoot can hardly skate. There's no comparison.

But can anyone, even the energetic Barry, mix two careers? We asked him the question point blank, over a frosty glass of homogenized at a favorite boîte.

"Well," said the shy puckster, "look at Kenny Dryden, for instance."

(continued on page 20)

## CANADIAN NEWSMAKERS ON PARADE

BY ALISON GORDON

Keep it under your hat, but we think we know why glitter singer **Elton John** has been making so many trips to **Toronto**. Those in the know say the bespectacled superstar has been visiting hair transplant specialist **Dr. Walter Unger**. Unger's office says "no comment," but it's nice to know that top people know where to come. . . .



Barbra

Elton

Poor **Barbra Streisand**. Not only has she got troubles with co-star **Kris Kristofferson** and current lover-cum-producer **Jon Peters**, but **Leonard Bernstein** is thinking of retracting his high praise for her new disc, after listening to it. Tough luck for **Barbra**, who dated Canada's P.M. **Pierre Eliot Trudeau** more than twice back in '72.

Oh, how they do go on! Even the most ardent stargazers are becoming bored with the on again, off again marriage of **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Richard Burton**, the film actors. But remember, it all started right here in Canada, when the two were wed by Canadian Unitarian minister **Leonard Mason**, in **Montreal**, back in '64. At that time, we proudly recall, "**Dick**" called Canadians "the best people in the world." . . .

In Ottawa, sexy P.M. P. E. **Trudeau** remains tight-lipped on the subject of revelations about ex-president **Richard Nixon's** final days in the **White House** as reported by **Woodward** and **Bernstein**. **Nixon** once called **Trudeau** an asshole. Canada's P.M. studied at prestigious **Harvard** . . .





# rickety clerk

Sam Slick, the Yankee stinker

I must have been, oh, thirty years ago. Maybe more. One thing I remember, though, even then I was an old man with a lot to learn. Maybe I was fifty when I quit my first paper route and stopped going to the store for any old fella who wanted a plug of "bacy" or a bottle of Newfie Porch Climber patent medicine. I received a letter from my uncle in Toronto saying he thought it was high time I left the things of youth behind me.

He wanted me to come to see him at the famous Royal York Hotel in Toronto and to talk about becoming his partner in some business or another. Well, as you can imagine, I got pretty excited and the doctors thought I was going to die there for a while, but I got to feeling a bit better and took the train down to meet Uncle in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. Did I say that already?

Uncle was there to catch me when I fell off the train. (I hadn't been drinking or anything—my hair oil just smelt funny); those old steps they used to have on the old CN Flying Fur Trapper were trickier than my knees—and that's saying a lot.

Then what happened? This city slicker walked up and offered to carry my suitcase over to a taxicab. "Wait!" said my uncle. "Some of these dirt bags are dishonest. Maybe he'll run off with your suitcase. . . ." Well, my uncle couldn't carry it as he had his bicycle with him and he had to keep an eye on it. Oh yes, I remember what happened next. The city sharpie turned to my uncle, who was only about fifteen then and small for his age, and said, "Are you calling me a thief?" Then he clouted my uncle, picked up my bag, and carried it over to the taxi for me. It was quite a scene, I tell you.

Uncle cried for quite a while but he did manage to tell me his room number at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto.

It was a sight in those days, with a bellhop running everywhere and a clerk on duty at all hours of the day and night. Gamblers and fancy women were not allowed, but some came anyway. I remember my astonishment when I looked over to the corner of the lobby and saw a man half my age smoking a cigar!

I didn't know it then and I sure don't know now, but I

was destined to see even stranger things.

Nowadays, it's quite common knowledge that wherever Americans go, they make a big mess, and how they ruin one environment after another as they move around littering beautiful natural scenery with Kodak film wrappers. In those days, though, not much was known at all about anything whatsoever. Well, it so happened there was an American salesman staying in the Royal York Hotel—just down the hall from my uncle. As I walked past his room, the door was open, and I saw the maid just standing there with her hands on her hips looking at the ruined room. The bed had obviously been slept in, but what was really revolting to us both as Canadians was what I didn't find out till later. There was, hanging on the lampshade, what my uncle told me later could only be one thing . . . a used conundrum.

Well, when I arrived at my uncle's room the next day, he was all smiles and very excited about his plan to harvest all the fish in Lake Winnipeg at once with a new explosive called TNT which was just

(continued on page 135)

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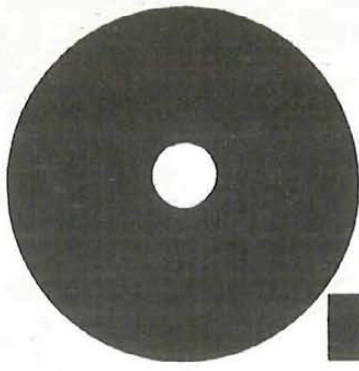
**The Ministry of Ecology, Oil, and Indian Affairs**

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# rifice Politics

## A rear view of Jimmy and Hubert

If you think New York is a shit-house in the summer, wait till the Democrats come here for the convention. Then you'll really see something. We might as well flush the whole fucking city down the toilet when those guys come in. I get plenty of politicians in my cab. I know all the big shots. I talk to them all the time. You know why, doncha? They all want to talk to a cabdriver. Cabdrivers are supposed to be the salt of the earth. Our business is serving people, just like politicians. Only we're not phonies. We're honest. So they always talk to us, to get the feel of what's really going on in the world. Most of them go out of their way to look me up when they come to New York. They heard of me through the grapevine. They come to me and say, "Bernie, fuck the polls...you tell us what we should do." I tell them. I tell them plenty. But the cocksuckers never listen. They're always throwing a bag of shit at me. I hate those sons of bitches. I'll tell you a few stories about politicians that'll make you shit green.

Jimmy Carter. You want to know about Jimmy Carter? I had 'em in my cab not long ago. The man was crying like a baby. I thought he was going to have a nervous breakdown. I had to take him to a little dive I know in Brooklyn just to calm him down. He wanted to tell me his story. He said he would rather talk to a complete stranger; it made him feel better.

It seems that Jimmy used to take secret trips to New York every month. He used to tell his wife that he was down here making political connections, the usual bullshit. But do you know what the fucking yokel was

doing? He had a love nest going with two teenage shvugies, two niggerinos. A pair of identical twins, no less. But that's not how Jimmy described it. It was all very straight, on the up and up, he said. While he talks he likes to pick his nose and drill his pinkies into his ears. Really works his fingers to the bone. Jimmy told me that he met the girls in this church he attended. Jimmy is one of those religious people, y'know. Comes from a whole family of missionaries or whatever you call them. He said he just happened to walk into this nice little church in a nice neighborhood and he saw these twin sisters singing in front of the choir, really singing up a storm. The whole church was full of blacks, but he didn't feel uncomfortable at all. He always got along with blacks, he said. He called shvugies blacks. I can't call them blacks. I call them everything else under the sun. They were put on this fucking planet to make me crazy. Anyway, he sees these two sweet-looking broads singing up a storm, singing this religious music. You know how those boogies can sing and shake when they get religious. Those broads must have been doing a good job, especially the shaking.

Jimmy said that the minister introduced him to the girls afterward and that he took them out for hamburgers and Cokes. Very friendly. They had a lot of church music in common. Well, one thing led to another, and pretty soon Jimmy is flying in and seeing the girls three, four times a month. Only now it seems that the girls have their own little apartment where Jimmy would sleep over. You see, Jimmy was thinking of hiring these girls for his campaign, singing special material that

linked him with Jesus Christ. I couldn't get that part. Anyway, Jimmy insisted that the girls were just trying out their songs on him. Y'know, entertaining him after a long stretch of political campaigning. Jimmy said they would sing and dance for him and make him relax. Only they liked to sing this blues and rhythm stuff rather than church music. There was a third girl in their act who wasn't a sister, but Jimmy had a crush on the twins. They couldn't decide on a name for their group. One week they called themselves The Titillations or The Hot Flashes, the next week they were called Tongues of Fire. Finally they settled on The Poon Sisters, even though one of them wasn't actually related.

Now, I didn't want to seem like a busybody, but I thought this guy was a little full of shit. I said to him, "Jimmy, who the fuck you think you're talking to, one of your shit farmers from



This is shmuck Carter's great idea for his campaign. Give away "Bible Belts" with real Bibles in 'em.





The Hubba twins. Jimmy Carter's jigaboo girl friends. The poor sons of bitches. He really had to nail them.

Georgia? You're in New York. Who the fuck are you kidding with your Cokes and church music and whatever. You got yourself set up with a pair of *kurvehs*, that's Yiddish for whores. And then you make a little moofky-foofky in that love nest, right? Tell ol' Bernie. It's good for you to tell the truth once every ten years. Or else you start to smell like that cowshit you always talk about."

Jimmy was shaving himself while I let him have it. He likes to shave with a battery-operated shaver every hour or so. Hates hair on his face, boogies in his nose, and wax in his ears. But this time I really nailed him. I hit a soft spot because he started bawling again like a baby. This time he gives it to me more or less straight. Right, right... the girls were hookers, he said. But they were really identical twins and they *did* have an act, only it was less musical and more shaking their tits and asses and taking their clothes off.

It seems that Jimmy always had this thing about colored girls. Since he was a kid on a Georgia farm, he would get these dreams about colored girls offering their bodies to him, the ones with the asses shaped like roller coasters. Jimmy claimed he never had any wet dreams, though. Dry ones only. Oh boy, I could imagine how that would fuck up a religious kid. They could put his balls in the Smithsonian. It's an old story. All those southern guys really like dark meat better. Jimmy insisted that he never evqn jerked off, not even into one of his cows or into a soft watermelon. While he was talking to me, he kept tickling himself and sniffing from one of those inhalers you use when you've got a cold.

He solved his problem by getting this vision, this message that only religious people get. The message came from Martin Luther King, Jimmy said. A man who he always

admired. King came to him in a dream and told him that he should go among the black people and make friends—that he should reach out to them, even touch them. Jesus, the son of a bitch looked like he really believed it. When these religious people get that funny look in their eyes, you can't argue with them.

So Jimmy actually went to the shittiest bar in Harlem, a scary fucking place. He wanted to start at the bottom. It was no problem for him to stand out in that crowd. In two minutes he picked up the twins. They had what they called a "personal manager," a guy who doesn't give his name, but was called Rhino. Jimmy said that Rhino was the spookiest Negro he ever saw, but was very accommodat-ing once the money changed hands. The next few months were full of good times, he said. He learned how to smoke all these funny drugs and the girls were real nice to him. Much nicer than his wife, God bless her. She just worked too hard on his campaign. She had no energy left at night. He used to ask her to put on blackface for him, in the privacy of their bedroom, but she refused.

But once Jimmy's campaign got better, he spent less and less time with the two broads. For months he hardly saw them at all. Then one day he gets a call from Rhino. The Hubba sisters are pregnant. I forgot to tell you. That's their real name. Hubba. Marvelle and Opal Hubba. So they're both knocked up and guess who the father is, says Rhino. Well, you can figure out what Rhino and the Hubba sisters were getting at. Big, big blackmail. The



See that apartment with the open window? That's where the Hubba twins used to take Jimmy Carter for a good time.





*Those are the half-man, half-animal Chinks that Hubert Humphrey managed to smuggle into our country. Nice bunch of boys.*

paternity suits, the whole shtick.

Rhino and the twins were working a con game on little Jimmy all along.

Here's where Jimmy gets religious again. He grips my hand and tells me he never really fucked the girls. I nearly faint. I gave him the same shot as before. Stop being a politician for a few minutes and level with me. But this time he says he's telling the truth. And he's got that religious maniac look in his eyes. He says he just doesn't come. The girls would sing and dance for him and take their clothes off and then he would shave them. He likes to shave black girls—their legs, their asses, whatever.

I don't know what Jimmy has to worry about if all he did was shave the broads. But three weeks later he gets an envelope in the mail with a set of baby pictures. The Hubba twins had each given birth to twins. Right, each twin had a set of twins. One in a million. Or I should say two in a million. And here's the rough part. All four kids look exactly like Jimmy. The Hubba sisters were very light skinned, by the way.

All Jimmy can do now is confess one more thing. He remembered that he used to go into blackouts sometimes and then he'd wake up and he couldn't remember what he did. Probably from the drugs he took. Do you think they made him enter the girls in his sleep, he asked me. A piss hard-on could sometimes do it, I said. But it seems impossible when you're out like a light. You can't fuck when

you're half dead.

Rhino starts putting the old screws on Jimmy. He wants a million bucks. Jimmy doesn't have it and can't raise that kind of money. In the good old days, he said, I wouldn't have a problem like this. You just shot a guy like Rhino, scared the girls to death, and gave the kids to some Aunt Jemima to take care of.

Here's where ol' Jimmy thought he was getting smart. He had to do something fast and he figured that the simplest way was the best way, God's way, of course. Rhino was a black-mailer, an evil, greedy man who would never be satisfied with only a million. Why not do him in just like the good old days? No one in the world would suspect Jimmy Carter of one, consorting with Negro hookers, two, shooting a pimp and a gangster. And instead of entrusting the job to a professional hit man and having the Mafia get something on you, it's best to do it yourself.

So the crazy bastard does the whole job himself. Goes back to New York and meets Rhino, the sisters, and the four babies, two girls and two boys. All blond and light skinned and looking just like him. Before Rhino can say boo, Jimmy gives him six slugs. He's got some special CIA gun that doesn't make a fucking sound. Then he takes the girls to an island off Georgia where a boat picks them up and takes them to Africa where they're sold as slaves. The babies were sent to an adoption agency in Sweden.

The girls confessed how the babies looked just like him. It seems they found a perfect Jimmy Carter look-alike and he fucked them and made them pregnant. He was also in on this fantastic con job. And so that was that. Jimmy is clean. The pimp is shot in what looks like a gangland slaying, and who the fuck cares about another dead shvugie, anyway?

Jimmy's gun, bullets, and movements that day are completely covered.

A few months later Carter gets a message from Rhino. The son of a bitch is still alive. The six bullets didn't finish him after all. They don't call him Rhino for nothing. And now he's going to get Carter. He's going to get him when he comes to New York for the convention. And that's where Carter is right now—running scared. He's afraid that crazy shvuggerino will kill him no matter how much protection he's got. I almost feel sorry for the guy. But I'm not going to fight his fucking battles. I know plenty of hit men who can rub out Rhino, but his problem is no skin off my ass. He should have stayed on the farm where he belongs.

Hubert Humphrey is another one. A real sweetheart. I don't want to talk about his crazy sex life. Anybody in the know can tell you about that scumbag's sex life. What do you want to know? Who and what he'll do it with? Anything. Anything for a fucking vote. A girl, a boy, a fuzzy sweater, any kind of animal, alive or dead... whatever. Remember, he was Lyndon



Johnson's vice-president. The old snake-fucker taught him plenty. I don't know how anyone can sink lower than Hubert. Even Rockefeller and Nixon can't hold a candle to him.

I'll tell you what he's up to these days. He was in my cab last week. He was drunk but very excited. Couldn't stop talking. Offered me something from a tiny spoon. Said I should sniff it up my nose. I got these terrible allergies. My nose is like a sneezing machine. So I told him to stick it in his ear with a Q-tip and plant onions in there. He giggled at that one. Son of a bitch never knows when you're dumping on him. Nothing makes him mad. He has the skin of a brewery horse.

He had to tell me what's going to happen to this country all because of his hard work and dedication. It seems as if Hubert has this corporation that's involved with all sorts of business deals, only it's a secret company not under his name. He's one of the main stockholders. It was set up by some accountant genius, probably Jewish, so nobody will ever trace the real powers. Evidently there's a lot of big bucks behind this country. Texas oil, Vegas money, Minnesota mining interests, a lot of that kind of shit. I forgot to tell you, Hubert likes money even more than crazy sex. He's the greediest bastard in the world, second only to our late, beloved Lyndon Johnson, who was his fucking rabbi.

O.K., so where's the big money to be made these days? Hubert tells me it's with China—Commie China. We're going to be big friends with them because they're going to open a big market for our goods. We'll make each other rich, he said. America needs a big fucking place like that to sell stuff to. And so he and his friends in this secret corporation are getting in on the ground floor, making all kinds of deals. These guys are so fucking big they can tell President Ford what to do and he goes along. What's good for them is good for everybody. Hubert works as their Secretary of State, like a Kissinger, running around making secret negotiations and sweet-talking the Chinks. He doesn't make the real decisions. He just does a lot of talking out of all sides of his mouth.

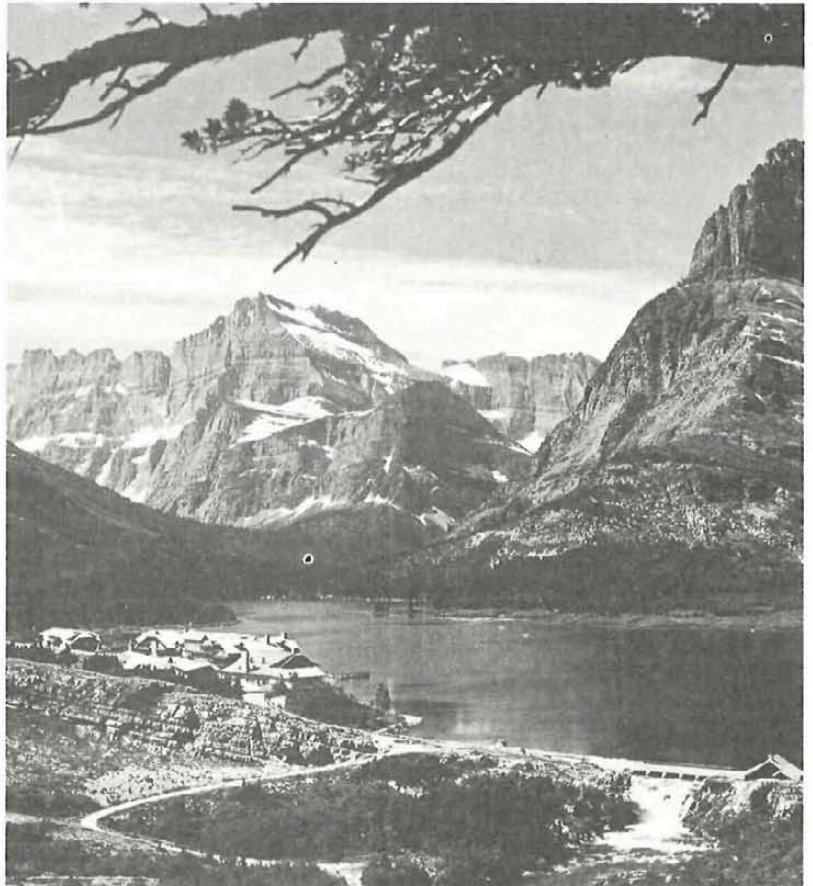
This big deal with China started about three, four years ago in a very quiet way. According to Hubert, America has plenty of stuff that China needs and China has one big commodity that we could use. China

needed three major products from us immediately— toilet paper, Vaseline, and Scotch Tape. It seems that they haven't figured out how to make a paper that combines strength with softness. Vaseline is a product of a thousand and one uses, so they needed a lot of that. Also Scotch Tape. The Chinks were using rice glue and string, which was very cute but wasn't doing the job. Hubert's connections at Minnesota Mining were a big help in clinching the tape deal. In exchange for these products, we got China's most plentiful commodity—Chinese. We got one Chink for every dozen cartons of Scotch Tape, toilet paper, or Vaseline. It seems that we were using thousands of these Chinks as cheap labor. They work in Hubert's iron mines in Minnesota, in textile mills down south, or anyplace where there's no unions. They like to work hard and they don't make any trouble. Of course, the money that the owners saved by paying them nonunion wages was passed right back to them in the form of bigger profits. We used to call it

slavery in the old days. But I don't give a shit as long as they don't start putting Chinks in New York cabs.

Well, the Chinks had to be smuggled in, of course. They were illegal aliens. That was easy. They were shipped in furniture cartons. Instead of an empty rattan chair, we would get a rattan chair with a Chink sitting in it. They stuck a hole in the carton so he could breathe and they fed him a bowl of rice once in a while so he wouldn't starve. The furniture cartons were shipped to Canada and down to Minnesota, Hubert's home state, where the Chinks would be let out and assigned to their new jobs.

Everything is going along fine for a while until Hubert gets the word that something crazy is happening with the Chinks. They're starting to reproduce like rabbits. These are not ordinary Chinks we're getting. They're some kind of special person their doctors have developed that can give birth to kids in six weeks. And the kids grow up in a couple of months. It sounds like one of those science fiction movies, but Hubert tells me that it's



*Most of the Chinks are hiding out in the mountains of this national park out west. That's where our boys are fighting them right now. It's supposed to be a military secret.*



true. These strange Chinks are springing up all over the place, and they grow to be three-foot adults. They're like midgets, only they're as strong and as tough as regular people. According to Hubert, they have the potential to be fantastic soldiers—a lot like the Viet Cong, only smaller, faster, more elusive, and vicious. They're almost more animal than human, he said. He thought that the Chinks had found a way to combine human and animal genes into a new kind of person. He heard reports that these Chinks could climb like human flies, throw themselves around like jai alai balls, and live on a bowl of wood for weeks. Very scary. They were a whole new kind of fighting machine.

Next thing you know, the little Chinkies are setting up camps in the national parks out west. They're training themselves to be guerrilla fighters. Some of them are even invading small towns in North and South Dakota. Hubert's old buddy, George McGovern, is shitting a brick and a half. It's getting very spooky. But Hubert realizes that this stuff can't get out to the newspapers and T.V. or the whole country will panic. They'll think we were invaded by flying saucers. Hubert's backers don't like it. They were supposed to make a lot of money off these Chinks. They were supposed to get fantastic workers at almost no pay. Also, a lot of nice looking Chink broads for their White Slave operations. What the fuck is going on, they want to know.

Hubert makes a call on the Chinese delegation to the U.N. They put him in touch with their number two man in this trade deal. Hubert describes the situation. The man promises to call him back in an hour. An hour passes. No call. Hubert gets word that the Chinks are moving into northern Minnesota. He didn't give a shit about North and South Dakota, but now they're hitting him where he lives. He calls for the next three hours. No answer. By now he's wetting his pants. Finally, at three in the morning he gets a call from a Mr. C. Fong of the Chinese Bureau of Trade in Peking. What seems to be the problem, asks Mr. Fong.

Hubert knows he's talking to a flunky. This is not Mao Tse-tung. But he's in no position to be choosy, so he tells Fong the whole story. Fong is very cool, very polite. He excuses himself and comes back to the phone about five minutes later and tells

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## Orifice Politics

continued from page 71

Hubert that we were getting the wrong Chinks. Through some clerical error, the wrong invoices, bills of lading, etc., we were accidentally receiving a special new breed of Chinaman, highly secret, experimental Chinamen developed by their brilliant doctors, and they were not for export. So could he please send them all back, and he will get a credit slip for them.

Hubert goes back to the stone-faced Chinese delegation at the U.N. and tells them how they fucked up on their shipments. They say they're sorry, but it would be impossible to round

up the little people and ship them back, would it not? They're right. The little people are too crafty and tough. Hubert thought that it was entirely possible that the Chinese sent us these little monsters on purpose, to panic us into some better trade deal. You never know what they're really thinking, those Chinese. They're very hard to read. By now, Hubert is really getting a little nutty. He's sweating so much his suit is changing color. He's got to figure out something or his big money backers will have him barbecued.

So he comes up with his big idea: start a war with the little Chinks. Get

the Pentagon and the Defense Department and everybody behind it and do a nice little war. Hubert gets his advertising boys to write it up as a presentation. He pitches to his big money men and they love it.

It's easy, says Hubert. We do a very low-key, low-profile war right now. We restrict it to the more remote parts of the country, the Dakotas, the national parks. We build up our army secretly and then we escalate slowly but surely until nomination time. When I get nominated, we start leaking the news. Watch our economy perk up after that one, he says. Nothing perks up the economy faster than a war, even a little one. The beauty of this one is we can use any kind of new weapon we want. We're defending our own soil. But it's more like a scrimmage, a practice session for a real war. The military will love it. The defense industries will love it. The stock market will love it. All the big money boys will love it. Remember how flush this country was back in the days of Vietnam? By election time, the streets will be paved with money.

Hubert went back to the Chinks at the U.N. and actually sold them the idea. It seems they wanted to use this special breed of people for taking over the rest of Asia, but they were now willing to try them out on America first. A list of rules and regulations were made up. We were allowed ten soldiers for every one of their little people because the little people were much better at guerrilla-style fighting. But Hubert insisted on a maximum amount of dead for our side, no more than 10,000 for a year's worth of war. The whole thing was like a fucking game. But Hubert felt it was worth 10,000 lives if our economy could be saved.

So there's a little war going on right now. Just a few skirmishes, some small-scale fighting in the mountains of our national parks. It's supposed to be a big secret until Hubert gets elected. Then he's going to escalate it into a big-time affair, and the country will be back on its feet again. If it means more people will be taking cabs, then I'll vote for the son of a bitch the next time around. Meanwhile, I can trust him as far as I can throw him, and I can't throw that kind of weight around anymore since I got my hernia. Those politicians can all go fuck a horse as far as I'm concerned. □



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# SNUTS

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ALRIGHT—I'M LOST. SO WHAT? I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GET FOUND. I DON'T CARE IF I STARVE AND DIE AND GET EATEN BY A BUNCH OF GODDAMN ANIMALS OUT HERE—ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN THAT CAMP TALL LONE TREE!



BESIDES, I CAN PROBABLY GET BY EATING NUTS AND BERRIES AND CRAP LIKE THAT! GET BY FOR DAYS AND DAYS AND KNUDSON WILL GO CRAZY WONDERING WHERE I AM!



I'LL BET IF JUST ONE KID GETS KILLED AT A CAMP, IT'S IN LOTS OF TROUBLE! I'LL WRITE A NOTE ON A PIECE OF BARK SO THEY'LL FIND IT BY MY BODY AND READ HOW I HATED THE GODDAMN PLACE!



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I'M SORRY I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT...





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JEDGE, I KNOW IT'S "JUDGE." IT SO HAPPENS THAT'S HOW IT'S SPELLED ON YOUR OFFICE DOOR....

MUSTA BEEN A BLACK SIGN PAINTER...

NO, SUH, JEDGE, HE WAS A ITINERANT PORTUGUEE...

SO NOTED, MR. PRIKSTLER...

JUDGE, THIS MAN ON THE READER'S RIGHT IS CHARGED WITH NASTY PEDERASTY; ACUTE BUGGERY; OPEN AND GROSS MONOTONY; GRIEVOUS VAGRANCY; BEING VEIQUITOUS IN A...

YOUR HONOR, LET THE RECORD SHOW THE DEFEN-DANT NOW IS ON THE READER'S LEFT!!!

IPSE DIXIT!

\*NOTE: THIS STRIP IS ORDERED EACH MONTH BY JIM HERMAN

DID THE COURT STENOGRAPHER ENTER THAT INTO THE RECORD?

VOICE OF JUDGE

...THIS COURT CANNOT DEPRIVE THE PERSON ON THE READER'S LEFT OF HIS LIBERTY. I HEREBY ORDER A SURGICAL SEPARATION. THE 14TH AMENDMENT SPECIFICALLY...

HEY, JUDGE, I GOT A BAD CASE OF ARTHRITIS. MY FINGERS ARE PRACTICALLY WELDED TOGETHER! I'M STILL TAKING DOWN TESTIMONY IN THE LINDBERGH KIDNAP CASE. LET'S SEE, OH YEAH, "MR. HAUPTMAN, YOU SAY 'THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS' IS AN UNSAFE AIRCRAFT. WILL YOU EXPOUND ON THAT?..."

**OBJECTION!**

WHY DO I KEEP HOLDING THIS PROP?

WOULD YOU APPROACH THE BENCH, MR. PRIKSTLER? THAT'S IT, APPROACH THE BENCH...

AH, GOOD, GOOD! NOW THEN, MR. PRIKSTLER, ARE YOU FAMILIAR MIT DAS TERM, "KRISTALLNACHT"?

JUDGE, THIS PAPER I READ FROM IS BLANK ON BOTH SIDES! IT'S JUST A GODDAMN PROP!!! BESIDES, WHAT'S ALL THIS CRAP ABOUT "KRISTALLNACHT"? WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH THE AESOP BROS. ANYHOW?

YES, JUDGE...

MR. PRIKSTLER, YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE UR, -THE HEBREW FAITH, ARE YOU NOT?...

GUT, GUT! NOW, HERR PRIKSTLER...

YES, YOUR HONOR, I AM JEWISH...

BOY, HOW COME YOU GOT WHITE HANDS? HMMM?

CONTINUED



# Collector's Items



**DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS:** With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

**MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE!** With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, *Swan Song of the Open Road*, and *doing it with dolphins*.

**APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY:** With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

**MAY, 1972/MEN!** With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon as Big as the Taft.

**JULY, 1972/SURPRISE!** With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

**AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY:** With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

**SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM:** With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

**OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

**NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE:** With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

**DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

**JANUARY, 1973/DEATH:** With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

**MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT:** With *The National Inspirer*, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

**APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE:** With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and *Ivory* magazine.

**MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With The Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

**JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE:** With The Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n' Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

**JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY:** With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

**AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS:** With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

**SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitelove comics, *Vichy Supplement*, *Guerra Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

**OCTOBER, 1973/BAHANANA ISSUE. WHAT?:** With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Turk.

**NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS:** With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

**DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE:** With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeet*.

**MARCH, 1974/STUPID:** With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

**APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL:** With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyrannie' Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

**MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY:** With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

**JUNE, 1974/FOOD:** With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

**JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

**AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

**SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Bartlett Comics*.

**OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE:** With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

**NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prisons Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

**JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Incest Rapists.

**FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE:** With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

**MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT:** With *Barbar and His Enemies*, *Gone with the Wind '75*, *Englandland*, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* Parody.

**APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS:** With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

**MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

**JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE:** With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, *Parlorbook*, Orsysami, and Cloo.

**JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT:** With *FagHag Mag.* The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, *Airport '69*, and Glitter Bums.

**AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

**SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* Parody.

**OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE:** With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and THE INFAMOUS CUBAN HOMO FARM.

**NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK:** With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

**DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* Parody.

**JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE:** With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

**FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS:** With *Simply... Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts.

**MARCH, 1976/IN LIKE A LION:** Out with Blow Me, the Snuff Movie, Turtle Farms, and the Monty Python parody.

**APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and the Puck Stops Here.

**MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS:** With *The Times of Indira*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietsitename, and the Culture Vultures section.

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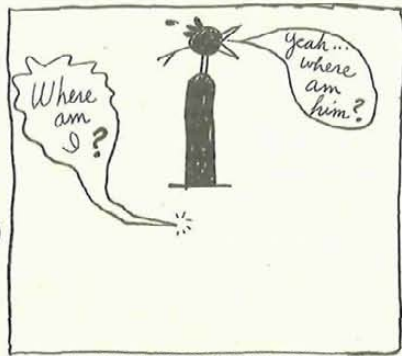
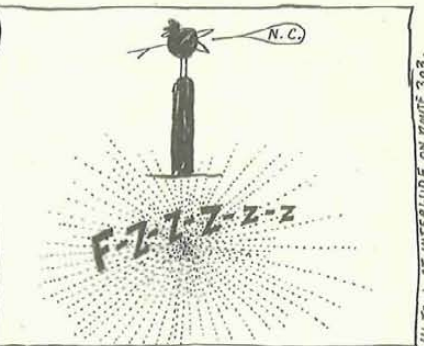
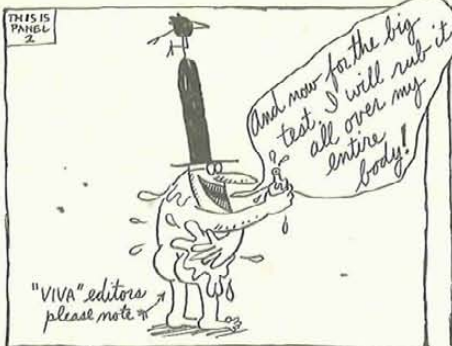
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Our hero has developed a salve that will remove all wrinkles, pimples, bumps, lumps, moles, and other unwanted effluvia from the human body.



KATHYIN FROM NANTUCKET... KBBP TROTTING... THIS PANEL IS DEDICATED TO BEAUTIFUL SUZIE Q. AT ROSEBUD'S... STOP READING NOW.

# THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

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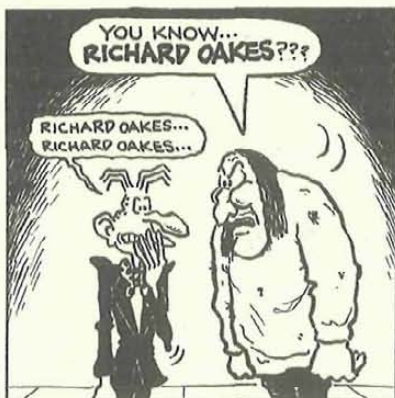
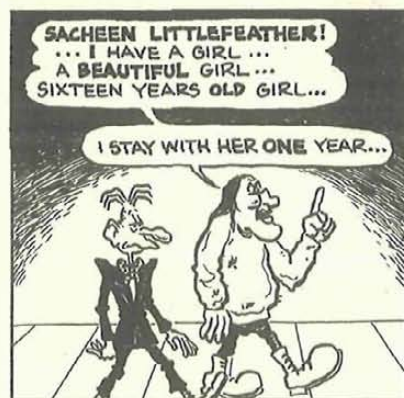
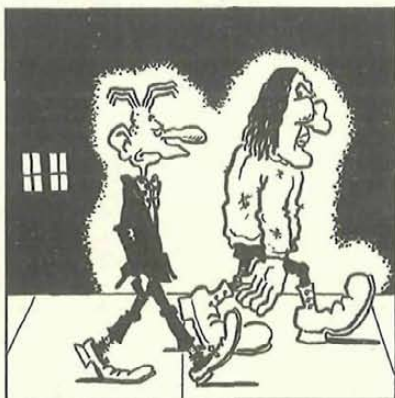
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# ARNOLD PECK

THE HUMAN WRECK

AN OBLIQUE ENCOUNTER





# HARD-BOILED DICK

THEY WERE TOUGH AND THEY WERE CORRUPT - THEIR WORLD WAS SEEDY, SICK AND WILD -- THEIR CITIES WERE L.A., SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM, A PRIVATE EYE.

TUESDAY, A BRA-LESS BROAD NAMED SONJA TAGGED ME TO FIND THE JOKER WHO X-ED HER MICKEY.

WEDNESDAY, THE TRAILED TO JOIE DE VIVRE, A FRAIL MICK WAS PLUGGING ON THE SIDE. SHE TOOK ME TO HER PLACE. THEN THINGS WENT CRAZY.



YOU'RE IT!



EAT FLAME, FUZZ!  
YOU TOOK AWAY MY MICKEY.



I'M NO FUZZ. DON'T EVEN HAVE A GUN - I BITE.



CHOK

ALRIGHT, TALK, JOIE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? WHO DID IT? WHO GOT MI--



LOOK OUT!

©'76 B.P.V.P., INC. CHAYKIN/PREISS.

SOMEBODY CUT THE LAMP! BEFORE I COULD TURN, I HEARD A WHIZZING IN THE AIR, FELT A PINCH IN MY NECK --

I DROPPED THE TORCH, FELL. IN SECONDS I'D BE OUT--OR DEAD. A SHADOW FELL OVER JOIE'S SICK FACE.



HA HA HA! YOU!

THEN IT ALL WENT BLACK!

MUSIC WOKE ME. JOIE WAS DEAD, BUT HER RADIO PLAYED ON. FLAMES LICKED MY PANIS AS I PULLED THE DART FROM HER NECK!

I LEANED FORWARD TO CHECK THE BODY. THE INNER TUBE HAD BEEN CAST ASIDE. I TURNED JOIE OVER AND FOUND --



THEY'RE GONE!

HER BREASTS WERE GONE! I NOW HELD THE KEY TO THE CRIME. FIND JOIE'S JUGS AND I'D FIND MY MURDERER. -- BUT FIRST, THERE WERE THE FLAMES.

## HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PHIL GRUBB, HOTSHOT POSTGRAD JOURNALIST, REENROLLS IN HIS OWN HIGH SCHOOL TO WRITE A STORY ABOUT THE WAY THINGS HAVE CHANGED?

NO, HOWIE -- SUZANNE'S A SWEET KID. SURE SHE SMOKES TOO MUCH DOPE, BUT SHE'S AN INNOCENT-- REALLY! A SWEET KID! NICE!

UH-HI, SUZANNE! WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT? I HAD TWO TICKETS FOR A SELL-OUT CONCERT!

--"WELL HUNG?"  
A REGULAR BULL ELEPHANT--

SOME OTHER TIME, PHIL!  
OH, SHE'S INNOCENT!  
SWEET!



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, HOWIE! SHE JUST CALLED UP AND CANCELLED THE DATE.

YOU SHOULD'D DECKED HER!



HEY! HOLD ON, PHIL. LOOK WHO'S COMING!



OH, I'M SORRY, PHIL. IT'S JUST THAT HE WAS SO WELL HUNG.



I MISS HIM ALREADY.



PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW!



HEY, SUZANNE! WAIT UP!



WHAT WAS THAT BIT ABOUT SOME "WELL HUNG" GUY? HUH?

WHAT'S THAT BULLSHIT?



NOTHING? DON'T GIVE ME NOTHING! YOU MADE ME LOOK LIKE AN ASSHOLE!

YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE! YOU'RE ALL ASSHOLES!



HEY! YOU HAVE NO--

WAIT A MINUTE!

YOU'RE ON SOMETHING! THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT, SUZANNE?

YOU'RE ON SOMETHING! WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU ON,?



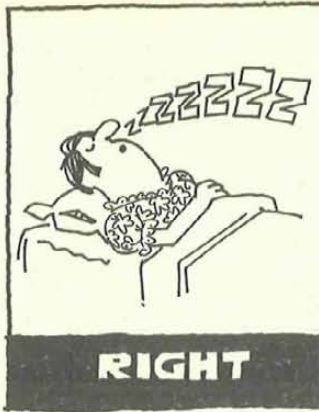
I BELIEVE THEY CALL IT A FOOT.



**FAMOUS  
COMIC  
ARTISTS  
SCHOOL**  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

**LESSON # 5A  
SNORING**

IT IS DIFFICULT  
TO DRAW  
SNORING  
CORRECTLY  
BECAUSE THERE  
ARE TWENTY-FIVE  
WRONG WAYS  
AND ONLY ONE  
RIGHT WAY.



**one-point-five**

*A Paper and a Half*

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new one-point-five, the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a single paper, smaller than a double-wide.

JOB, the world's finest cigarette paper now in three sizes: double-wide, one-point-five, and single width.



**JOB'S GREATEST HITS**

Includes two packs JOB Double-wide papers, white and strawberry; one pack JOB one-point-five; and one pack JOB wheatstraws, single. (One sample to a family, please.) I am enclosing \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling. I am over 21 years of age.

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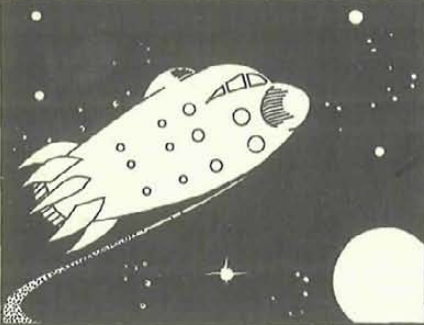
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# PLANET LOVE



LITTLE DID I DREAM ON THAT FATEFUL SPACE CRUISE WHAT HEARTBREAK AWAITED ME...



THE ONLY OTHER PASSENGER WHO WASN'T A FUGITIVE FROM THE GERIATRICS PLANET WAS AN ATOMIC VACUTEX SALESMAN...



WE WERE HEADING FOR A ROCK FESTIVAL ON ARCTURUS III...



AT FIRST IT LOOKED LIKE A BUST...



THEN... IT HAPPENED!



IT WAS HEAVEN!



HE CARRIED ME OFF TO HIS SWELL BACHELOR PAD... I WAS WEAK WITH PASSION...



TENDERLY HE STRAPPED ME TO HIS WATERBED... THE ELECTRIC SHOCK OF RIGELIAN SEX IS SO STRONG FOR TER-RAN'S THAT WE MUST BE STRAPPED DOWN!



SUDDENLY, I BUMBLED THAT IDIOTIC VACUTEX SALESMAN...







**IF YOU'RE GOING DOWN THE ROAD WITH ANYTHING BUT A CLARION  
YOU'RE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.**

Most car stereos do exactly what they're supposed to do—play back cassettes and cartridges with terrific fidelity.

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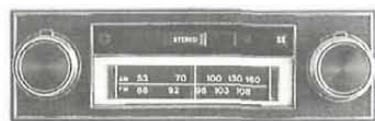
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# HOW TO LEGALLY STEAL YOURSELF RICH AND PAY NO INCOME TAXES WITHOUT GOING TO JAIL



## LEARN HOW TO CASH IN ON YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS

By an Attorney at Law  
and a Tax Accountant

You will learn among other things:

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- You will learn exactly how the I.R.S. discovers unreported income.
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- You will learn the 35 questions used by the I.R.S. to trip you up.
- How to avoid paying a parking ticket.
- You will learn of the 25 personal tax deductions most frequently audited.

Have you ever wondered how people become and stay wealthy?

People become wealthy because they have learned how to benefit from the legal system we live under. They have also mastered the secrets of offsetting their salaried or business incomes--legally! They have discovered the techniques of converting taxable income into non-taxable income the 100% legal way. If you would also like to beat the system and have it work for you instead of being a slave to it, then keep reading because you will be shown HOW TO LEGALLY STEAL YOURSELF RICH AND PAY NO INCOME TAXES WITHOUT GOING TO JAIL BY CASHING IN ON YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS.

You may not realize it but you have an untapped source of wealth right under your nose.

Did you know that you work 4 months out of the year for the government, just to pay local, state, and federal taxes?

Have you ever asked yourself WHY the very wealthy and big-salaried executives "get away" with paying little or no income taxes while you have to pay a much larger portion of your income?

Did you know that it's impossible for anyone to become wealthy without having a clear-cut understanding of how the legal system we live under works or how to tip the scales of justice in your favor while financially benefiting from it?

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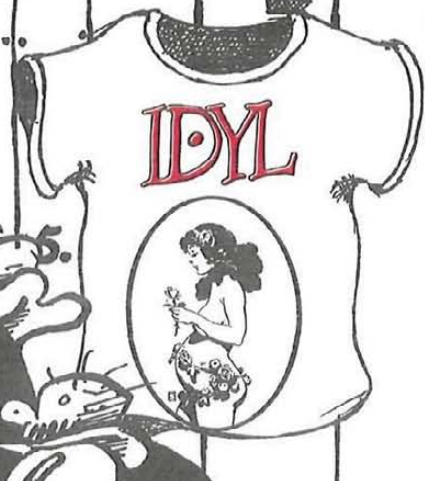
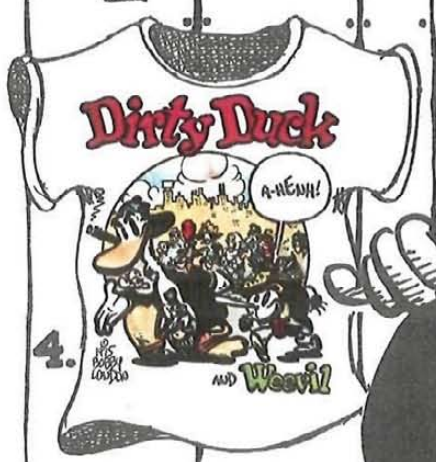
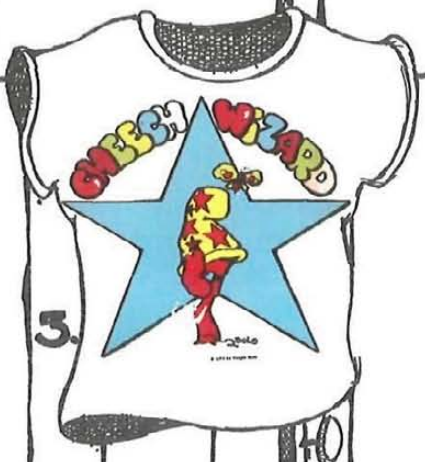
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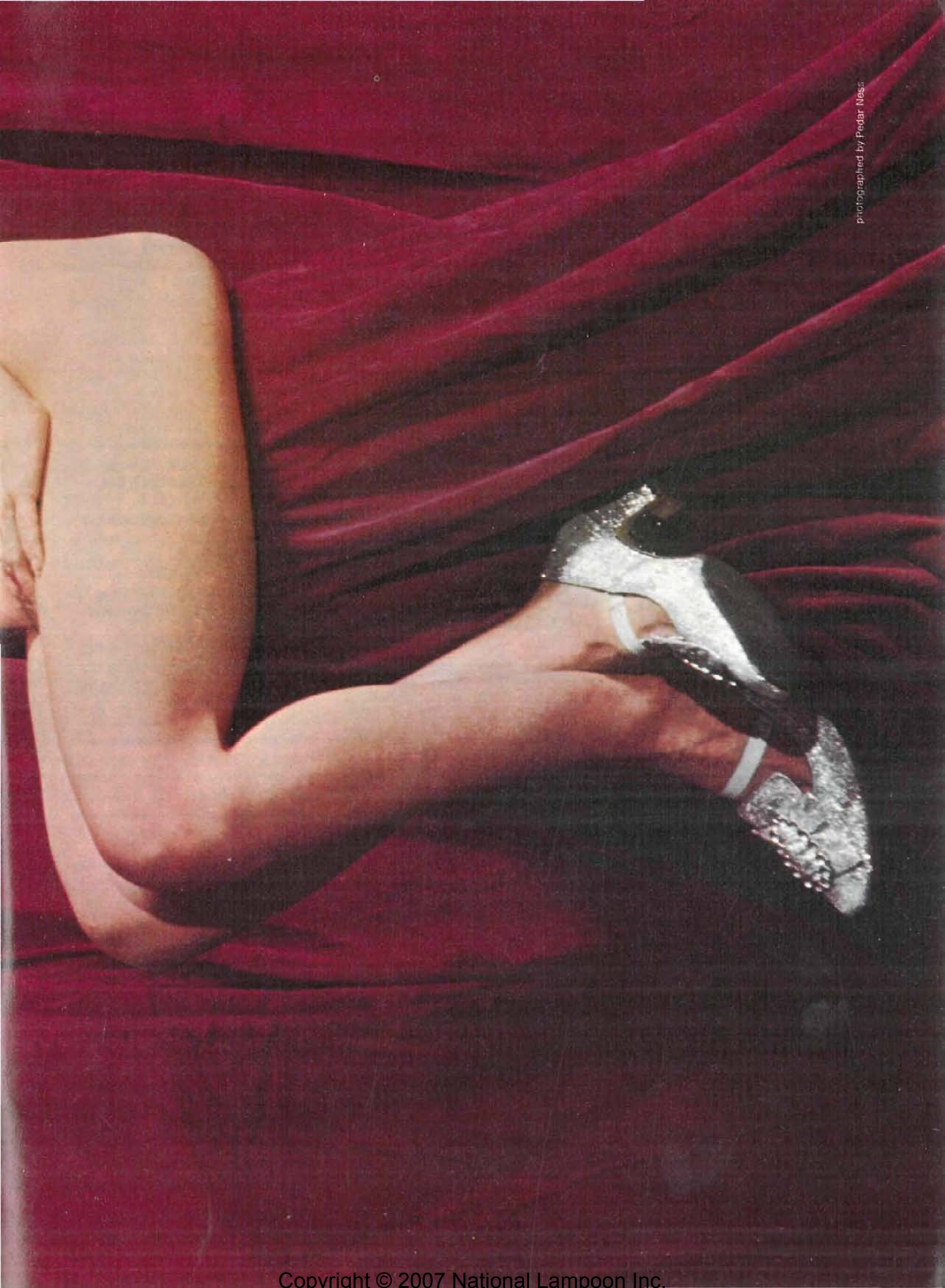
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**At the Movies**

continued from page 55

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll started down the basement stairs two at a time, then slowed with relief as he noticed that the lights were still on. To the right, a shadowy corridor stretched off, leading to the bathroom, Margie's quarters, and storage closets full of suitcases and old lamps. To the left was Robkin's turf—the piano, his drums, the corner with the record player and the pictures of the Moonglows, Bo Diddley, and Johnny Ace. A portable movie screen stood on a tripod against one wall and, at one end of the Ping-Pong table, bent like worried surgeons over the projector, were Robkin, Froggie, and Stu.

"You're just in time," Robkin called excitedly. "We're almost ready."

"I hope you know what you're doing." Through the archipelago of acne that camouflaged Stu's face, a worried expression could be discerned. "If anything happens to these movies, I'll get killed."

"Don't worry, man, nothing's going to happen," Robkin assured him, threading the thin, brittle-looking film through the complicated loops and bobbins.

Froggie quickly filled Mr. Rock 'n' Roll in. Stu, routinely searching his parents' bedroom earlier that day, had come across a little pile of film reels in his father's bedside drawer. Curious, he'd inspected them and found naked women and penises. A few quick calls had determined that Robkin's parents, Isobel and Rich Manny, were away for the weekend, and that Froggie could bring his projection equipment. And here they were. Exchanging huge, preparatory smiles, the boys sat. Robkin hit the lights.

On the screen a jauntily-lettered title appeared—"The Fuk-a-Duk Newsreel"—beneath which a cute cartoon duck was mounting another cute cartoon duck. The title card seemed to stay on the screen for a long time. The ducks leered out at them.

"C'mon, already," said Robkin.

Another title card came on: "Sir Lap-lay Introduces His Astonishing Pneumatic Vibrator to the World."

"Holy shit," breathed Stu, and the room, but for the whirring of the reels, hushed utterly. The title card faded and was replaced by a leering man with a Van Dyke beard and plastered-down hair, wearing a tuxedo.

Everyone laughed. "Shit, this must be from the Twenties," said Froggie.

continued on page 91

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## At the Movies

continued from page 88

A woman wearing a bathrobe walked into the picture.

"Well, she can do the Charleston in my face," declared Robkin.

The woman had close-cropped blond hair and looked like certain actresses Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had seen in early Marx Brothers' movies. But aside from appearing a little archaic, she definitely qualified as a piece of ass. The boys leaned forward in their seats. Sir Lap-lay preened his moustache tips. The blonde slipped out of her robe.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's hard-on was instantaneous and huge, filling his lap and pressing against the roof of his underpants. Beneath the robe the woman was wearing nothing! To see all of her at once like this was overwhelming. There were breasts, two of them, and a great big bush, all of which she was displaying to them, smiling out at them as if she loved it!

"Oh my God," moaned Stu.

"Yeah....," managed Robkin.

Sir Lap-lay waved the blonde to a massage table, upon which she gracefully laid herself, her nipples riding the shivering of her breast-tops like small boats. Affixing a large, old-fashioned metal vibrator to the back of one hand, Sir Lap-lay began to massage the woman, zeroing in first on her breasts, then creeping coily groinward. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had read about "writhing" in paperback books; what the blonde now did was surely that. She wriggled and shuddered and undulated beneath the vibrating hand of her titled masseur, opening her legs ever wider for him, mouthing hot rushes of words that Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and his friends could only imagine.

"Holy fucking Christ," whimpered Stu.

On the screen the woman suddenly arched her back high in the air, tugging Sir Lap-lay's hand right up with her, and fell back spent. Sir Lap-lay bowed grandly to the audience.

"Who's got a hard-on?" whispered Froggie musically. Explosive, nervous laughter rocked the room.

"World of Sports," said the next title card. And, in bolder type, "Pole-Sitting is All the Rage in Peoria." A room which might have been anywhere appeared. On three adjoining chairs sat three men, their trousers about their ankles. Astride the men, sitting on their "poles," were three delighted-looking women. The women

faced out at the boys, their backs to the men, so that mainly what you could see were laps with cocks, and women sliding up and down them, smiling, licking their lips, and fondling their own breasts. Occasionally, the faces of the men peered around the women's sides, smiling slyly out at the camera. What got Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was how happy all the women looked. Girls with whom Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had tried even the most minor moves had seldom looked even a little pleased. Could things have changed so much since the Twenties?

Abruptly there was a close-up—a glistening hard-on ringed by a great, spread-open vagina that raised and lowered, raised and lowered. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's mind reeled. So this was how it looked. The image burned into his brain like a brand.

"I can't stand it," Stu was moaning repeatedly. "Oh, fuck, I can't stand it."

"Wives in Chicago Have Found a New Way to Welcome Home Their Husbands," announced the latest title card. A house appeared, with a funny, 1920s husband coming up the walk with his briefcase. The door opened and a brunette in a low-cut, slinky gown smiled out at him. She went

right to her knees, pulled the man's pants down, and...put his cock in her mouth!

"I can't stand it," screamed Stu.

Good Christ, thought Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, she's actually sucking it! His groin had begun to ache fiercely. He was getting blue balls, right here in Robkin's basement! Rolling his eyes in sensual yearning, he gave his swollen member a covert slug with his fist. God, when he got home....

"Miss Daisy DeLuxe Proudly Displays the Prize-Winning Form of Her Great Dane, Rex," said the screen.

Another good-looking Twenties blonde came out. She sat in a chair and pulled her skirt to her navel. No panties; bush. At once, a highly-agitated Great Dane rushed into the picture and thrust his snout right up there, licking like crazy. Daisy began to writhe and toss her head about, making unbearably sexy faces.

"I don't believe it," breathed two voices, almost simultaneously.

"Shit, and she's nice, too," said Robkin.

Now the blonde removed her skirt and got down on her hands and knees. The dog, crazed and frenetic, was on her like a flash. From its furred pouch

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**At the Movies**  
*continued*

gradually emerged an unending erection, gleaming as if wet, strangely pointed at the tip. The animal flailed this frightening organ madly about in the space between Daisy's legs until, finally, she reached back and slid the swollen, dripping thing into herself. Tongue flying, Rex began to hump like crazy.

"Jesus Christ!" said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

"Gah!" said Froggie.

"This I don't believe," Robkin whispered, in tones reverent as prayer.

"It's not fair," cried Stu. "Even dogs!"

The film ended without an ending, simply running out of the projector.

The bright square on the screen lit their dazed faces. All four of them had their legs crossed. No one spoke.

Tickita-tickita-tickita, went the spinning pick-up reel.

"Uh...I gotta go to the bathroom," declared Robkin, moving rapidly away.

"You set up the next one, Froggie." "Shit, thought Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

Why hadn't he thought of having to go to the bathroom.

"Robkin beat the me-eat," sang Froggie when Robkin returned.

"Oh, bullshit," said Robkin. "I did not."

"I lis-stened," crooned Froggie. "Oh, bullshit," said Robkin.

"Next reel!" cried Stu. "Next reel!" Looking offended, Robkin took his seat.

Froggie started the projector and sat also. "Did you hit the ceiling?" he whispered.

"For Christ's sake," said Robkin. "Fuck you."

Stu shushed them frantically. "Look! It's called 'The Magician!'"

Froggie and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll exchanged delighted smiles. They'd just seen the Ingmar Bergman movie of the same name a week ago.

A new woman had appeared on the screen, this one perhaps a Thirties blonde, sitting in what looked like a hotel room, reading a book. Abruptly a puff of smoke exploded before her, bringing with it a guy wearing a swirling black cape and high silk hat.

"Hey, it's Max Von Sydow," said Froggie.

The blonde stared at this strangely-dressed intruder in shock and bewilderment, so the magician bowed and held out a business card: "Professor Hokum—Famous Prestidigitator." The



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woman's shock gave way to skepticism.

"Oh, yeah?" said a title card.

"Prove it!"

The professor smiled slyly. "Are you wearing step-ins?" inquired his title card.

"Step-ins?" said Stu faintly.

The blonde lifted her skirt to give the professor a long look at her panties. The professor smiled and nodded, and, when the skirt was back down, made a suave magical gesture with his hands. Abruptly he was holding a pair of panties. The blonde, astonished, lifted her skirt again. No panties; bush.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll shifted miserably in his chair. The bush looked good enough to eat, like curly candy. His balls felt like Goodyear blimps.

On the screen, Professor Hokum began pulling first rabbits, then a large variety of other objects, including bolognas, from the blonde's spread legs. The blonde's wonderment, as each succeeding object left her loins, grew and grew. Evidently having emptied her at last, the Professor now lay the blonde down on the sofa and stepped out of his pants. An erection like a dock worker's hook thrust from

his groin. Seeing it, the blonde opened her eyes very wide and placed one of her hands over her mouth. "The Disappearing Wand Trick," announced a title card. And the Professor turned the woman over, lifted her hips and slid his "wand" deeply into her, smiling out at them all the while.

"Oh, God, how'd you like to be him." Stu sounded close to tears.

"How'd you like to be the sofa?" asked Froggie.

The film ended abruptly.

Robkin catapulted from his seat. "Gotta go to the bathroom again," he announced over his shoulder.

"Don't get callouses," Froggie called after him.

"Oh, eat shit," they heard him shout back. A door closed loudly.

Shaking his head, Froggie began threading the next reel. Stu stared into space, looking like persons in Bible movies who've just talked to God. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had never wanted to beat off so much in his life. He considered rushing upstairs to the second floor bathroom, but that would mean missing the beginning of the next film. *Shit!* He hugged his groin in agony.

continued

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## At the Movies

*continued*

Robkin returned, looking casually  
innocent. He was met with a chorus  
of hoots.

"Hey, fuck all of you," said Robkin.  
"I drank a lot of water this morning."

"Sure," said Froggie.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll took his cheek  
between thumb and forefinger and  
worked it rapidly against his teeth.  
*Slish slish slish.*

"Goddamn it, I did not jerk off!"

"Come stains!" Triumphantlly,

Froggie pointed to Robkin's pants.  
Robkin jerked his glance to his spot-  
less chinos, then back to Froggie, eyes  
narrowing. "Cute! Real cute!"

"You looked!" crowed Froggie.

"Next film! Next film!" cried Stu  
desperately.

It started without even a title this  
time. A terribly bored-looking blonde  
in a Twenties negligee lay propped up  
by pillows on a bed, absently fingering  
herself. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, who'd  
always wondered if women did that,  
was electrified. His hard-on groaned  
and grew fractionally larger, if that  
was possible—it felt heavy as the  
Atlantic Cable. He gripped himself  
tightly as the blonde, tiring of her  
finger, sat up and began paging through  
a telephone book. She reached the  
yellow pages and ran her moist finger  
down the categories: Giftwear...Ginger  
Ale...Gigolos! The finger dropped to  
the first name below—"Gigolo Gus."

The picture now shifted to another  
room where a man with a fancy vest  
and a thin black moustache sat  
sprawled in an armchair, absently  
squeezing his crotch. He stopped to  
pick up his phone, then began speak-  
ing into it with enormous leers and  
eyebrow waggings. Shortly thereafter,  
through the magic of cinema, he had  
joined the blonde in her room. Shortly  
after that, he had her breasts out and  
was sucking them in turn.

"Pull me!" screamed Mr. Rock 'n'  
Roll's penis. "Jerk me off! Emergency!  
Emergency!"

"Later!" thought Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.  
"After the movie."

The blonde had gotten Gus's pants  
off and his cock in her mouth while  
he...was bringing his head ever closer  
to her groin....

"I'll explode!" shrieked Mr. Rock  
'n' Roll's penis. "I'll blow up! You'll  
die!"

He couldn't stand it any more. "Uh  
...back in a minute," he muttered,  
standing and beginning a bow-legged

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trot to the bathroom.

"You, too!" screamed Froggie ecstatically.

"No, no...diarrhea," Mr. Rock 'n' Roll improvised, and then he was past the stairs, down the corridor and into the bathroom. "Critical mass! Critical mass!" shrilled his cock at him. "Sirens! Klaxon horns!" Hurling himself onto the toilet, not bothering to turn on the lights, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll tore his pants to his ankles. His cock was so swollen he could barely fit his hand around it. He moved his hand; one beat, two...

Bright light fell on him. "Well, Ah be damn," said a startled voice. "Look whut Ah foun'!"

His eyes flew open. Margie stood before him, wearing only a towel, staring down openmouthed, her lips aiming at his groin like some huge scoop.

"Gnick," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

"Well, shit, Ah wuz gonna use this," said Margie, tossing away a large black dildo, "but, Ah mean, hell...." She released the towel and it slid to the floor. Her breasts shivered on her chest like jaunty chocolate puddings; her bush, a great, triangular black veldt, reached her very navel. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll stared transfixed, his frozen right hand still aiming his rumbling, smoking missile at the heavens. With a breathless chuckle, Margie straddled him, spread herself open and slowly sat.

On the screen, the blonde had Gigolo Gus's cheeks spread wide open and was uninhibitedly tonguing his asshole.

"When, God?" Stu almost wept. "When? When?"

Robkin gave him a look. "With your face, I wouldn't..."

There was a small, percussive explosion, like the sound of a mortar firing, followed immediately by a tremendous crash and loud screaming.

"Holy shit!" cried Robkin, leaping to his feet. Following the screams, the boys ran down the corridor and slid to a halt before the open bathroom door. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll stared up at them from the toilet, seemingly in shock. A pair of naked brown legs hung from an enormous rent in the ceiling, kicking and spasming. From their juncture, a thick milky substance seeped freely.

"What the fuck have you been doing?" asked Robkin, hands on hips.

"Well, I wasn't beating off," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, smiling sheepishly. □

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*Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.*

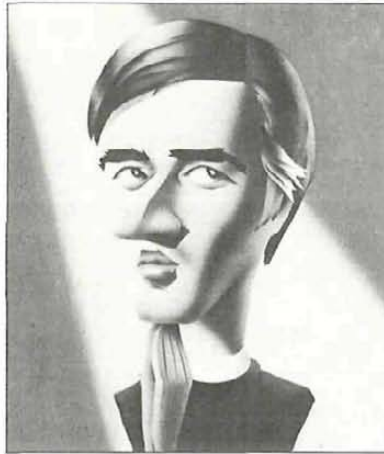
Los Angeles—And so they have come, these men who seek to grasp that sleek scepter of power from whose rigid form presidential power spurts its fecundity upon this diverse populace we call America, to the westernmost shore of our national boundary; they have come to this Xanadu on the Pacific, this bauble of Balboa, this California, to ask of their countrymen their help, their hands, their muscular yet somehow lean bodies, as they struggle toward the apogee of that bloodless yet stirring combat for the highest office in the land.

And it is here, here amid the bougainvillaea and the palm trees, amid the freeways and the swimming pools, that those who would seek to lead us into the seventy-three thousandth and fifty first day of our national being, that these political combatants must draw face-to-face with the conundrum of modern American politics: California's Jerry Brown.

Most have heard the familiar yet somehow mysterious details of Jerry Brown's rise to prominence: how he shunned the million dollar Governor's Mansion for a small flat with a barren mattress on the floor; how he drives to work in a battered Plymouth rather than the sleek black limousines of his predecessors; how he brought a Sufi choir to his inaugural; how he has challenged the free-spending assumptions of his bureaucratic underlings.

But these facts do not begin to reveal the true uniqueness of the man and the political puzzle that is Jerry Brown. Two days spent in the company of the elusive Governor Brown was an experience unlike any this reporter has ever had in a lengthy and distinguished career.

It began with the official state transportation service which brought me to the governor's Sacramento office: not the conventional state plane or chauffeured limousine, but a series of conveyances, the distin-



guishing characteristic of which is that they are all powered solely by the human body. A team of litter-bearers carried me from the hotel into the San Gabriel mountains, from which rickshaw drivers pulled this observer the two hundred miles north to Sacramento; from the foot of the capitol building, your visitor was borne up the marble steps on the back of the governor's executive assistant.

"Jerry believes the energy crisis demands fresh responses," the fifty-three-year-old assistant panted, shortly before collapsing with what one hopes was a mild coronary occlusion. "We've found that this creative use of welfare recipients produces a real fuel saving while reducing their sense of dependency."

Upon being escorted into the private office of the governor, it was discovered that the unusual propensities of the governor run far deeper than mere show. The wooden door opened and three strokes on an enormous gong—on loan from the J. Arthur Rank Organization—summoned this writer into the gubernatorial premise.

I found young Mr. Brown seated atop his desk, cloaked only in a golden robe, communing with an oversized artichoke.

We proceeded to converse, virtually uninterrupted, for the next forty-eight hours, on a wide range of topics of direct impact upon this weary, wounded nation; it was at times a dizzying experience, especially since the governor was embarked on

one of his periodic fasts and refused this interviewer's repeated requests for food or drink. The governor interrupted the discussion only for pressing business; a consultation of the Tarot, from which he drew a strong inference that California might have to invade Oregon in the next fiscal year, and a half hour of meditation following which Mr. Brown decided to block all Social Security payments to California's elderly and "persuade" them instead to forage for food.

"A little exercise is good for the body and soul," he insisted. "In addition, it will ease the burden on our overtaxed medical facilities."

Regrettably, however, there was little in Mr. Brown's monologue that will be found valuable in conventional journalistic terms, for the governor insisted on conducting the discussion in Tagalog, as a tribute to Philippine President Marcos.

Nonetheless, this correspondent came away from Jerry Brown convinced that the governor has hit upon a theme of major significance to this oft-promised and oft-betrayed electorate. It is the governor's inspired belief that the American people have been led by too many political figures who have raised their expectations; the gap between promise and performance has been, he believes, the source of much discontent.

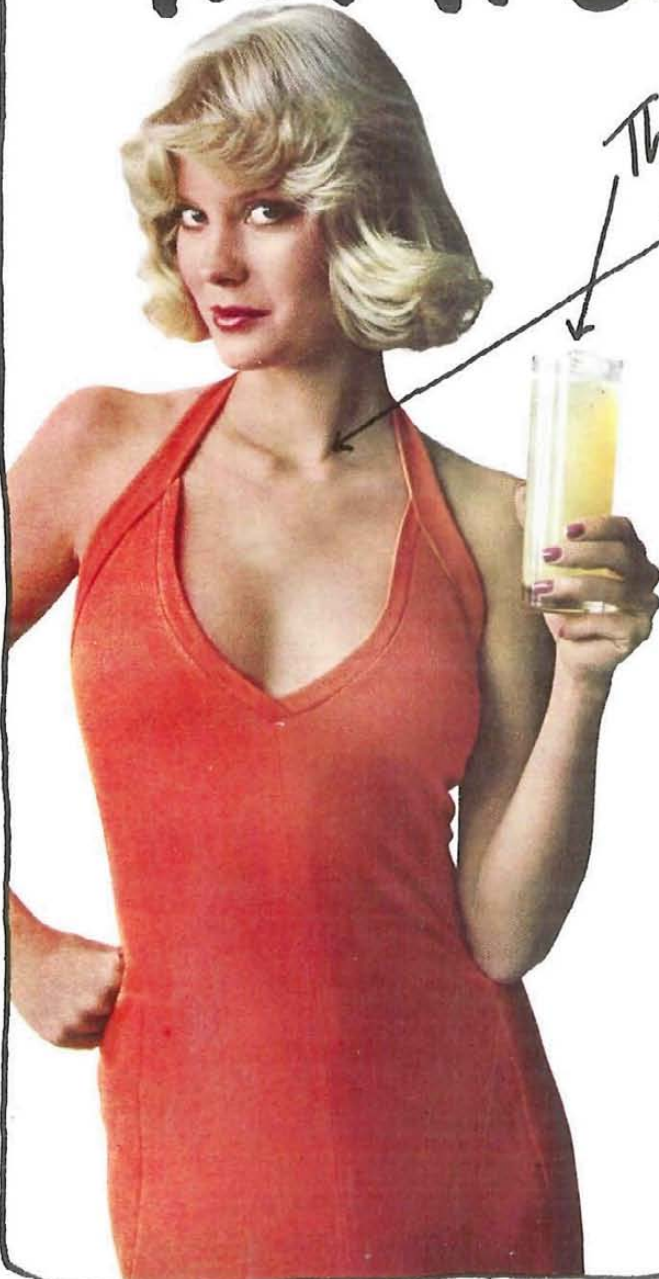
It is, therefore, Governor Brown's intention to so conduct himself that the American people will expect absolutely nothing from him; by contrast, any achievement will loom as a significant accomplishment, far in excess of what we might have expected. Under a Jerry Brown presidency, it is clear that America will approach Inauguration Day hoping only that the new president will refrain from seizing their first-born children and incinerating the major population centers of the land. With such a brilliantly low benchmark, his presidency cannot help but be a stunning success. And thus, once again, our benumbed but somehow energetic political process proves itself uniquely suited to the spirit of our time. □



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